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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

THE political week has been nominally given up to the Parliament Bill, in reality to a series of dissolving views of Unionist disorganisation. This spectacle is the result of a new development of party tactics. The Unionist leaders probably see themselves doomed to a futile resistance to the Veto Bill, followed by the inevitable creation of peers. The Duke of Bedford, indeed, affects to welcome this change, apparently under the impression that whatever happens to the rest of the peerage, Dukes will continue to enjoy their present exquisite rarity. But if Unionists have been driven to this pass, it is clearly an object that they should present the country with a plausible alternative to the Veto Bill. Unfortunately the attempt to make a mere camp of refuge for a beaten army look like an enduring palace has yielded nothing but disaster. A new reform scheme is promised, but "owing to difficulties of drafting" cannot even be produced for a fortnight. It is apparently to be a modification of the Curzon scheme, which is in itself a variant of the Lansdowne scheme.

IN other words, the first three categories of the Curzon plan—the representative, the nominative, and the *ex-officio* peers—are to remain, but an attempt at direct election is to be made in the case of the fourth category, which may be chosen wholly, or partly, by large constituencies, voting on a plan of proportional representation. This is the statement of the well-informed London correspondent of the "Birmingham Post," and his forecast is confirmed elsewhere. Thus the three hostile principles of nomination, selection, and election are left to fight and slay each other. From the Tories' point of view the plan has a double disadvantage. It eliminates the backwoodsmen—

who are popular in their own neighborhoods—while it fails to re-dress the House of Lords in the simple popular guise of an Elective House.

THIS conclusion, if conclusion it is, seems to have been arrived at after a scene of much confusion. On Tuesday about a hundred Tory members, deserting the debate on the Veto Bill, met in secret, under the chairmanship of Sir Alfred Cripps, to get more light on the Reform Bill. Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, the chief Tory Whip, who attended, seems rather to have darkened counsel than to have illuminated it. However, he appears to have told the meeting that the Party Leaders would never consent to shut out the hereditary principle from the Lords, but might let in an elective element. Otherwise he was silent, and the "Times" charges the framers of the official report with intentional misrepresentation. The truth seems to be that the advanced wing have, for the moment, been beaten, but that they retain their view and their opposition.

THESE excursions and alarums necessarily drained away some interest from the debate on the Parliament Bill. At one period only one Conservative remained in the House, and he was the gentleman who was addressing it. Mr. Lansbury then moved a count on a point of order, on the pertinent ground that, if the Parliament Bill was revolutionary, the resisting party ought to show a little more concern with it. In the main, there have been two points of weakly sustained attack. The first has been the endeavor, on the part of the "Times," to secure a disclosure of the Conference, with the object of showing that the Liberal Four were willing to take less power than the present Parliament Bill gives them, and that, as the Tories might now be willing to concede more, a compromise might be arrived at.

THE second point was to place the Government in a dilemma by asking what they meant to do with the preamble of the Bill. If the Bill passed, would they revive all, or any, of the powers that the Bill took away? If not, they reduced the House of Lords to a sham, and there would be no point in reforming it. If they said yes, the country would ask why the new powers were held in abeyance. The Ministerial attitude to the preamble has not been altogether consistent. Mr. Haldane, for instance, spoke of the Bill as a necessary stepping-stone to the establishment of a Second Chamber, to which Liberals attach much value, while Mr. Runciman declared that the Government would never accept a scheme which wiped out the prerogative of the Crown to appoint peers. We take it that Mr. Runciman means that no such scheme could be accepted till after the passage of the Veto Bill, a very proper reservation.

AS if to crown the follies of the week, Mr. Balfour closed the Conservative case with a statement which comprehensively embodied the whole Liberal argument for the Bill. In one of the most reactionary and anti-democratic speeches ever made in the Commons, he defended the hereditary principle against both its Radical

and Tory assailants, amid the ominous silence of the very "quiet benches" behind him. Only, said Mr. Balfour naively, "let it be our servant; let it no longer be our master." It must still be used—but "not to the extent it is used now." He proceeded to argue that all its recent actions—the "reference" of the Budget, the destruction of the Education and Licensing Bills—were quite right; indeed, no properly constituted Second Chamber could have done otherwise. "Why, then, change it?" asked Mr. Balfour and his critics in a breath. Because it was "not strong enough to carry out its functions at the present time," answered Mr. Balfour, proceeding to argue that those "functions" were the incessant and unsparing revision of all the progressive acts and tendencies of representative government.

FINDING this method of proving his adversary's case to have depressed the "quiet benches" of his supporters, Mr. Balfour revived them with a dose of histrionics, declaring that the Government were carrying their Bill through Parliament by "coercion," as they had imposed it on the country by "fraud." The House should have smiled at this obvious trick, but it proceeded to shout Mr. Balfour down. The Speaker was appealed to, and replied, with sly wit, that "fraud" was a word which might not be applied to an individual, but could be used without objection of a party. Replying, Mr. Asquith turned to complete confusion Mr. Balfour's abandonment of the central position of his party—that the Opposition genuinely desire a "fair," instead of a mere anti-Liberal, House of Lords. The speech should be read for its great cogency of statement and appeal.

FINALLY, the Prime Minister declared that the Government's "first and paramount duty" was to pass the Bill, but that it adhered to the principle of a reformed House of Lords, on the following conditions: (1) that the Commons were paramount, (2) that the powers of the House of Lords were restricted to consideration, revision, and a limited delay, (3) that it should be small, (4) that it should not rest on heredity, (5) that it should not be governed by partisanship. The divisions, first on the closure, then on the Chamberlain amendment—which declared for a reformed House of Lords and against the Parliament Bill, as setting up Single-Chamber government—and finally on the second reading, showed the full Liberal majority to be intact. The figures on the second reading were:—

For ...	...	...	368
Against ...	...	...	243
Majority ...	...	...	125

SUCH Liberal discontent as there is in Canada with the Reciprocity Treaty has found expression in an elaborate attack in Parliament from M. Sifton, an ex-Minister, once a prominent politician, but latterly somewhat obscure. His case was, in part, that there is no mandate—an argument which could have applied equally to the British preference, and would seem to negative the possibility of any negotiation by one Government with another. He admitted that agriculture would not lose by the Treaty, but he suggested, for no reason that appears in the long "Times" summary of his speech, that it would involve the loss of the British market for perishable goods. He touched on the annexation scare, and, of course, dwelt on the railway opposition which probably is the real root of the only sane discontent which exists. His one sound criticism was that Con-

tinental Free Trade admits the American Trust, and, in particular, the Meat Trust, a corporation domiciled abroad which the Canadian Government could not control.

THE interpellation in the French Chamber last Friday, in which a young deputy, M. Malvy, was the spokesman of the Radical-Socialist group, has induced M. Briand to resign. He obtained, it is true, a majority of sixteen, but, as his statement published on Tuesday recognised, he had lost the confidence of a necessary part of his normal following. The issue was merely the alleged connivance of the Government in the surreptitious re-opening of two schools conducted by monastic orders, but it served to raise the whole question of M. Briand's policy of "appeasement" and tolerance towards the Church. To find a successor was not an easy task. It was necessary to turn to some politician of the Combes school, and a titular chief was found at length in M. Monis, a respectable, but not very conspicuous, Senator. He at once secured the collaboration of M. Berteaux, the real leader of the anti-clericalist revolt, and one assumes, from the friendly attitude of M. Jaurès, that there has also been some negotiation with the Unified Socialists, whose support is essential to any Ministry which means to govern by means of the Left.

THE strongest man in the new Ministry is undoubtedly M. Delcassé. He overthrew M. Clemenceau, and though he voted with M. Briand's bare majority, he was acclaimed as the man of to-morrow in the lobbies after that incident, and was thought in some quarters to have claims to the Premiership. He goes to the Ministry of Marine, and this is no mere fiction, for he has of late devoted much attention to the Navy. But alike in Paris and abroad it is assumed, and not unnaturally, that he will guide the foreign policy of the Cabinet. The situation resembles that in which Palmerston, driven from the Foreign Office, ultimately controlled foreign policy from the Treasury. It was, presumably, this delicate position which made it so difficult for M. Monis to find a successor to M. Pichon. The post was offered in vain to M. Ribot, M. Poincaré, and M. de Selves, and was at length accepted by M. Cruppi, a comparatively young man with a pleasant personality who is thought to have done well under M. Clemenceau in negotiating treaties of commerce. The "Figaro" greets the return of M. Delcassé to power as a danger to peace—a view which has found somewhat offensive expression in Vienna and Berlin.

THE International Court of Arbitration at The Hague has given a decision in the Savarkar case in favor of the British claim, which maintained that Savarkar's recapture was in conformity with the undertaking of the French authorities to prevent Savarkar's escape, and that all parties acted in good faith. The French case was that the gendarme had exceeded his instructions and had acted under misapprehension, that the Indian police had violated French territory by assisting in the arrest, and that the arrest should, in any case, have led to the regular process of extradition after communications between the Governments. By Article V. of our Extradition Treaty with France (August 14th, 1876), such a process would not have led to Savarkar's extradition, for the Article lays down that:—

"No accused or convicted person shall be surrendered, if the offence in respect of which his surrender

is demanded shall be deemed by the party upon which it is made to be a political offence, or to be an act connected with such an offence."

\* \* \*

WE are, of course, very glad that our Government submitted the case to arbitration, and we are loth to weaken the authority of an international tribunal. But there are some points in the decision which puzzle us. Thus, though cries of "Au voleur" were raised by the Indian police, and though the gendarme stated that he arrested Savarkar as one of the crew who had committed an offence, the Court decided there had been "no recourse to fraud or force." Though the arrest was made with the help of the Indian police after Savarkar had run 500 metres on French soil, the Court decided there was "nothing in the nature of a violation of French sovereignty." Though the Court appeared to admit that "an irregularity was committed by the arrest of Savarkar and by his being handed over to the British police," it decided that "there is no rule of international law imposing any obligation on the Power which has in its custody a prisoner to restore him because of the mistake committed by the foreign agent who delivered him up to that Power."

\* \* \*

THESE decisions appear to us doubtful, and the third is certainly dangerous. It greatly weakens the right of asylum in the case of refugees, who are escaped prisoners, and opens the way to ruses by which, under the rule apparently sanctioned by the Hague Tribunal, possession is to be nine-tenths of the law, and plans may be laid for entrapping political offenders. The decision, however, is not a judicial one, and it seems to point very clearly to the need of adopting the American proposal of a tribunal of judges. The Savarkar case clearly required expert handling by lawyers. The next Savarkar case, if it ever occurs, should certainly receive it.

\* \* \*

THE Forest of Dean election has added sensibly to the strength with which the Government emerged from the General Election. The Forest is a peculiar constituency, divided between the great mining table-land and the surrounding agricultural district. It was passionately devoted to its late member, who personally directed and maintained one of the best electoral organisations in the country. Nevertheless, Mr. Webb, fighting it at short notice, has raised the Liberal majority from 2,724 to 3,068. Mr. Webb was a highly competent and sympathetic candidate, but this election, like that in the Horncastle Division, shows clearly that Liberalism, as it now stands, is an advancing cause, and Toryism a declining one.

\* \* \*

MR. CHURCHILL has, as we expected, destroyed the fable of the Memorandum issued by the Conciliation Committee that the police had instructions to terrorise and maltreat the women taking part in the Suffrage demonstrations last November. On the contrary, they were explicitly told to behave with restraint and good temper, and to use no more force than was necessary. Mr. Churchill denies the further suggestion that some of the alleged offences were committed by plain clothes detectives. Only one such officer took part in an arrest; only a dozen were employed at all, and they to arrest pick-pockets. Mr. Churchill suggests that bad characters were largely (he might have said inevitably) attracted by the demonstration, and that some women suffered at their hands. Nothing is more likely; nothing, we fear, is less likely

than that the proofs, mountain-high as they now are, of the folly of such methods of campaign will ever touch those responsible for them.

\* \* \*

LORD LANSDOWNE has allowed it to be announced (through the "Times") that a rich American has offered £100,000 for his picture by Rembrandt, called "The Mill," but that the nation may have it for £95,000. Lord Lansdowne prefers to give this ingenious announcement a patriotically noble turn by saying that he will subscribe £5,000 to the purchase, but this is what it comes to. The comment of the "Telegraph" is that we must henceforth write *noblesse oblige* as *noblesse n'oblige plus*. For our part we do not believe that any picture in the world is worth £100,000, or anything like it. If Lord Lansdowne can sell it for that sum, let it go. Why the nation should subscribe to make up a purse of £95,000 for Lord Lansdowne passes our understanding.

\* \* \*

LORD WOLVERHAMPTON, more familiarly known as Sir Henry Fowler, died on Saturday last at the age of eighty-one. He was a Liberal-Conservative, representing at once the right wing of Nonconformity, sliding into a partial acceptance of the Establishment, and the Imperialist and individualist strains in Liberalism. It was a tribute to his gifts as a Parliamentarian and administrator, and also to his flexibility of character, that a Centre politician of his type could hold office in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Governments and in the more or less Radical Administrations that succeeded them. Lord Wolverhampton was always being quoted as an opponent of Home Rule, or as a critic of this or that act of Liberal policy, but he remained a Front Bench man to the end. He had one great Parliamentary hour, that in which, as Secretary for India, he held back Lancashire's assault on the Indian import duties on manufactured cotton. Style was not exactly his *forte* as a speaker, but he had a powerful manner, and one felt as one listened to him that he was a representative man. His nearest point of severance from Liberalism was the period when he seemed to have discarded Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's leadership for that of Lord Rosebery. But events and his own shrewdness brought him gradually back; and, though never a great or a resourceful counsellor, he had a real hold on that large mass of semi-determinate opinion which now and again votes Liberal.

\* \* \*

WE much regret to record the death of Dr. Spence Watson, who for so many years acted, not merely as the most important unofficial Liberal in the country, but as, in a singular degree, the interpreter of the Liberal mind and conscience. Dr. Watson was specially associated with the promulgation of the Newcastle programme, the first definite embodiment in a Liberal document of the policy of constructive social reform that has since gone so far. But this was only one of his many services to the spirits of liberty and progress. He was devoted to both, and his own character and personal life were so finely tempered, so intuitively sympathetic to good causes, and so repelled by bad ones, that his share in the expression of Liberal doctrine was of the nature of inspiration rather than of mechanical or opportunist service. Peace, freedom, and justice were not phrases to him; they were continual guides and monitors. It will be impossible to replace him; for the cause of party, useful as it is, rarely engages a temperament so consistently touched to the finer issues of life.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE CONFUSION OF THE OPPOSITION.

THIS journal, which has consistently urged the Liberal Party, in its controversy with the House of Lords, to stand on the firm ground of the restriction of powers, and to avoid the slippery ways of reconstruction, can watch with some detachment the flounderings of the Tory Party in the morass that its own friends have escaped. We will do that party the justice of saying that, in the struggle to liberate its own feet, it has treated the House of Lords with scant ceremony. A House which, half a century ago, refused to open its doors to one life peer, has, in a single week, been commanded by its friends to surrender the hereditary principle, to qualify it heavily with nomination and election, to change itself from a representative assembly into an Electoral College, to be dissolved into the elements, and to trust for a successor to the united genius of the two parties. All these demands have been made upon it without consulting it, and in breathless succession. Why? What has it done wrong? Has it not drawn water and hewn wood for Toryism since the time when our fathers were children? And is it now charged with rejecting a Radical Budget? That was the official policy of the Tory Party. Has it destroyed an Education Bill, a Land Bill, a Plural Voting Bill? Its action on all these measures was prepared, and even commanded, by Mr. Balfour—in the case of the Education Bill, with one of the plainest acts of direction ever passed from a political leader to his following. The wirepullers ordered; the backwoodsmen obeyed. And yet it is the backwoodsmen who are to go, while the wirepullers remain. This is the common feature of the Lansdowne scheme, the Curzon scheme, the revised version of the latter plan which was commended to the Conservative meeting of Tuesday, and the revolutionary elective scheme, superseding all the rest, of the "Glasgow Herald" and the "Birmingham Post." All that was most plausible and popular in the old House of Lords is to disappear at the bidding of the element that is directly responsible for its errors, which, from the point of view of the Conservative partisan, were, at the worst, deeds of mistaken service. "Strike, but hear me!" the threatened peer may well say as his appealing eye catches the sheen of Lord Lansdowne's descending axe.

For the moment we may well pause to ask with what face a party united on its policy can be asked to abandon it in favor of another policy, which merely sets its promoters at sixes and sevens. "The (Conservative) meeting of yesterday," writes the "Times," "was evidently a very inconclusive affair, from which men went away knowing as little as when they met about the policy of their leaders; while the leaders, if they hoped for light upon the opinion of their followers, were in an equally hopeless plight." We do not know what other result could be expected of a gathering which was urged from one Conservative quarter to do nothing to the House of Lords, from another to do everything, and from a third to mix two incompatible schemes of

"reform" with something else equally irreconcilable with both. The country can understand the House of Lords as it is. It can understand its conversion into an elective Second Chamber. But it will never understand a House composed of the three principles of indirect election, nomination, and direct election. That, it appears, is the patchwork banner under which the Tory chieftains have, for a few fleeting hours, decided to fight a wavering battle. But what is all this to the Government? What is it to the people? What is it even to Tories of average intelligence like Mr. F. E. Smith, who told his party that unless they offered the Liberals a Second Chamber which gave them as good a chance of passing their Bills as it gave the Tories, they need not trouble to offer anything at all? Mr. Lyttelton was unwary enough to compare the Unionist policy in regard to a Second Chamber with the Colonial Constitutions, and especially with the Constitution of South Africa. He could not have made a more unfortunate choice. Not only, as Colonel Seely showed, is there no plausible likeness between the South African Constitution and the Curzon-Lansdowne schemes, but every salient point in that Constitution and in all the great Colonial instruments is a point of unlikeness. In South Africa, and in other Colonial communities, the Second Chamber is small and weak.\* It can thus be easily overborne by the First Chamber through the method of the Joint Sitting. Colonel Seely pointed out that a majority of thirteen in the First Chamber appointed under the South African Constitution, answering to a majority of sixty-eight in the House of Commons, would be sufficient to pass a disputed Bill within the limits of one year.

Compare this with the ground plan of the Unionist Constitution-makers. They do *not* propose to constitute either a small or a weak House of Lords. They aim, on Mr. Balfour's repeated and unqualified confession, at a strong and a numerous one. They do *not* secure the predominance of the representative House by a Joint Sitting. Both the Lansdowne and the Curzon schemes start with a deliberate packing process under which a House, that alternatively elects one Liberal representative peer for Scotland and none at all, would lead off with a permanent Tory majority of at least 85. It then starts a second process, yielding a certain further addition to that majority. It admits a third process (that of nomination by the Prime Minister of the day), which may slightly reduce that majority. It adds a fourth, which, under the method of indirect election, equally favored by Lord Curzon and Lord Lansdowne, would certainly raise it, and could in no circumstances abolish it. To this body it would assign new powers of reference to the electorate and of interference with finance; while, by the conditions of its existence, it would escape interference from the Crown and from the people. As it would be, in part, a nominated body, it could not be dissolved, though it could force the Commons into Dissolution. And its prevailing opinion could not be changed, as now, by a Royal creation of peers. It would thus escape, at a bound, the one permanent and

\* See a very suggestive treatment of this question in Mr. Temperley's "Senates and Upper Chambers."



dreaded check on the usurpations of the existing House of Lords, and the limitations which the children of our race have usually placed on their own Second Chambers. In the Colonial Constitutions, for example, the Joint Session exists as an alternative to the Referendum. The Tory papers inform us that both resources simultaneously are claimed for the House of Lords.

We feel that we owe an apology to our readers for going even thus far into an analysis of the confused and shifting fancies of the Tory "tacticians." What interest do they possess for us, save so far as they reveal, not a genuine historic or political feeling for reform, but a set of scurrying devices to escape the engine that waits to shear off the head and front of the whole abuse? When these gentlemen have settled with their friends precisely how many coronets they mean to tumble in the dust in order to save their own necks, let them come to us and explain what title of the Liberal and democratic grievance their schemes are calculated to remove. Do they imagine that the Government are going to loose their grip on the anti-representative forces in this land until they have put them under the representative power? They speak of the Conference, and of its near approach to a settlement. Did Lord Lansdowne ever hear the tale of the Sibylline books? And what of the Conference? We have to do, not with it, but with the election and the undisputed, the crystal-clear, mandate that event has yielded. But how does the Conference help them? The Conference has locked up its records, if it ever kept them, and its members are silent, not merely, as the "Times" improperly suggests, at the request of the Liberal Four, but at the invitation of the Conservatives. Even if they were disclosed, they would, on the showing of the "Times," reveal the fact that the Tory leaders refused to submit the greater Bills even to a Joint Session. Nor do the Lansdowne schemes suggest that they will now yield better terms under pressure than those which they refused in a state of freedom.

There is, indeed, only one question which the Government need feel themselves bound to answer. Mr. Clyde asked on Wednesday whether, when they came to deal with the reform of the Lords, they would or would not restore the powers which the Parliament Bill takes away. No reply is due to such an inquiry so long as the Opposition merely busies itself with attempts to run up a new chain of stronger fortifications against the Commons. Nor do we imagine that this attempt to "get back" on the people and their representatives will ever be abandoned in reality, however freely it may be disavowed in form, until this worst of battle issues has cost the Tory Party at least four beatings in succession. They cannot realise that a broad new domain has been opened up, in which aristocratic or privileged rule must sink to the merest insignificance. When they do realise it, they may see that our ideals rest on the representative form of democracy, rather than on any adaptation of the *plébiscite*, and that in no case do we contemplate a powerful, and therefore a disturbing and revolutionary, Second Chamber. The absolute Veto once gone will never be given back; the Veto Bill will always be the sheet-anchor of our constitutional policy. We shall adhere to it, for it brings our institutions nearer to the

Colonial model, and leaves Conservatism supplied with ample reserves of delay and revision in the cautious temper of our people.

#### FROM BRIAND TO—WHAT?

THE first comment which the fall of M. Briand has suggested to most spectators is that yet another "strong man" has succumbed to the leveling instincts of the French Chamber. The emergence of the type was the outcome in part of the decisive struggle with the Church, and even more of the labor difficulties which followed it. M. Clemenceau maintained himself longer in power than his successor, and when one compares their records one is compelled to do homage to the shrewder psychological instinct of the older man. He was incomparably more arbitrary than M. Briand. He dominated in the Chamber by sheer audacity and formidable wit, as he ruled outside it by prosecutions and the use of the soldiery. France asks for a "strong man" in moments of internal danger and crisis, and the peculiarity of M. Clemenceau's tenure of power was that it made a succession of crises. There were strikes and May-Day demonstrations, there were revolts of functionaries and a revolt of wine-growers, there was even a farcical reactionary plot. M. Clemenceau lived by combat, and he was never at a loss for a gage of battle. His whole personality was a provocation, and while the turmoil lasted he kept his place in front of the agitated ranks. M. Briand failed to support pretensions which were felt to be no less ambitious, because his watchword was no longer war, but peace. His programme was one of work and reconstruction. His motto was conciliation and appeasement. Yet with these tranquil professions went a readiness to use the harder methods of government on which his predecessor had relied. The middle-classes suppressed their irritation while the crisis of the railway strike continued. But his rash declaration of a readiness to resort to extra-legal expedients was neither forgotten nor forgiven. The first rupture came with the resignations at that troubled moment from his Cabinet of the Ministers who still cared to stand well with labor.

One may doubt, however, whether it was the momentary assumption of the airs of a dictator during this crisis which, in any real sense, prepared his fall. His offence was the daring individualism of his policy. He seemed to rely from the first on his own talents. His Cabinet included no man of the first political rank save himself. It was Briand's Ministry, and nothing more. He stood outside the party groups which, ever since the Dreyfus case, have tended to acquire something approaching discipline and cohesion. He invented, to replace a party mandate, an odd variant of the plebiscitary method, which stirred uncomfortable memories in the French mind. He affected to treat the General Election as a species of referendum, and, when it was over, his prefects collected the addresses and answers to questions of successful candidates and subjected them to a statistical analysis. The result was very far from squaring with the programme or opinions of any particular party; but, by an odd coincidence, it formed a

tolerably exact catalogue of the personal opinions of M. Briand himself. He seemed to emerge from the elections, if not exactly as the man of destiny, at least as the typical Frenchman. He raised himself on this pedestal of statistics above every one of the warring groups in the Chamber. He surrounded himself with somewhat neutral personalities of his own way of thinking, and he welded the whole together with the powerful intellectual cement of his own virile and constructive mind. The parties muttered and grumbled and met. Resolutions were passed by the groups which seemed to promise his speedy downfall. The railway strike delayed the crisis, and it has come at length, for no very definite reason, by one of those ambushes in which a distrustful majority commonly takes its vengeance upon a chief who has failed rather in the gifts of leadership than by some definite error. The root of M. Briand's unpopularity was, without question, his refusal to pursue an active anti-clerical policy. He may have read in the mass-mind of France a desire for appeasement and conciliation which really was there. But the gesture in which he sought to stay the impetus of the pursuit in a long and victorious struggle has failed to secure obedience. The van has pressed onwards around him and over him. Gambetta's watchword has taken the place of thought in the mind of the average French Radical. He can see no enemy but clericalism, and, even with the achievement of separation and disendowment, he is reluctant to end the conflict with the Church. To the English Liberal mind it seems an intolerant and unstatesmanlike obsession. A nation, when at last it has accomplished the final separation of Church and State, has everything to lose by prolonging the struggle until it becomes rather a social vendetta than an intelligible conflict over principles.

The danger before any Radical Ministry which comes into power by an appeal to the combative instincts of anti-clericalism, is that it may be tempted to rely on this sterile programme alone to hold its majority together. It was obvious, so soon as M. Combes and M. Sarrien turned from the war against clericalism to such problems as the compulsory day of rest, old age pensions, and the income tax, that much of the following which the Radical groups had collected through the past generation was anti-clerical rather than progressive. It meant business against the Church, but it was not in earnest with its social legislation. The campaigns of the "Matin" against the day of rest and the income tax organised a revolt which rarely dared to be articulate in the Chamber. The Senate ventured to delay and modify the Bills which the Chamber had passed, and the Chamber was suspected by good judges of a secret complaisance under the chastenings and checks of the Upper House. The new Ministry marks a return to aggressive anti-clericalism of M. Combes's school. But its composition gives promise of wider sympathies. M. Monis, who heads it, is a somewhat neutral chief, a lawyer, a man of affairs, a personality rather in the lobbies than in the country. M. Berteaux, who led the anti-clerical revolt, answers for its orthodoxy in that matter of Republican tradition. But M. Caillaux, the leading champion of the income tax, returns to his old place at the

head of French finance. The trend to the right, which was so marked under M. Briand, has been effectively checked.

But the paradox of the whole position lies in M. Delcassé's return to power. He comes back in some sense the symbol of French self-confidence, which failed for a moment when Herr von Bülow demanded his dismissal, and became articulate in the recent campaign against M. Pichon. The appearance of provocation against the Triple Alliance is saved by the fiction which sends a brilliant diplomatist to manage the Navy. But it is understood that the foreign policy of the new Government will be the policy of its Minister of Marine. For Europe and for France the return to power of M. Delcassé is an event of greater moment than the fall of M. Briand. He was the architect of the policy of isolation which sought to build up around the Central Powers a network of counteracting alliances and understandings. The balance of power is no longer poised where he left it. The resurrection of Turkey is the first great new fact. The new cordiality of Russia and Germany is the second. The perception in this country of the risks of any military convention with a Continental Power and the universal malaise under the burden of armaments which M. Delcassé's policy did so much to augment form the third. One need not assume that M. Delcassé alone has learnt nothing. He cannot after the fall of Abdul Hamid and the *rapprochement* of Kaiser and Tsar begin again to weave the web of his combinations where it was cut by the brusque shears of Herr von Bülow. But for a more intelligent policy in the Near East we may be prepared for an attempt to restore the reality of the Triple Entente, and perhaps for an answering manœuvre from Berlin which may once more expose its inherent weakness. The time seemed to have come for an appeasement in Europe as well as in France, and appeasement was certainly not the motto of M. Delcassé.

#### THE LABOR PARTY AND BUREAUCRACY.

A GENERAL survey of modern industry and politics in their relations to one another has led many persons to the conviction that, in every advanced nation, private business enterprise is in process of being superseded by State or municipal action, and that the triumph of complete collectivism, at any rate in all the main industrial and commercial processes, is inevitable. To some this has served as an inspiring vision of a society in which peace, order, and prosperity shall be secured for all; to others it means the stifling of individuality under the inefficient despotism of a bureaucracy, which will paralyse the springs of progress and cause civilisation to decay and perish. The actual advance of collectivism is unquestionable, and the modes of its advance bear the signs of inevitability. For it has been far less the result of conscious general design, the inclination of some political or economic principle, than the accretion of particular conveniences and opportunities. In a word, it has been a manifest drift of tendencies. Almost all our steps in municipal or State societies have been undertaken for definite business reasons, or for public revenue,

or to protect the public against the extortion of some private company, or for purposes of public order or convenience, or because the magnitude or risk of the particular adventure precluded private enterprise from undertaking it. This opportunist development has, no doubt, everywhere evoked some measure of conscious effort, converting the drift of tendency into a policy. But even as a policy it has been promoted mainly by parties in the State which assuredly had no sympathy with any general plan of Socialism. Now, if this opportunist or semi-conscious drift could be converted into a fully organised, continuous policy, it might well appear that we might move rapidly towards a complete collectivist State.

But, though it is easy enough to make the collectivist "idea" appeal to the "proletariat" of any country (as is shown by the willingness of trade union congresses to endorse the widest schemes of Socialism), it is not so easy to arouse enthusiasm, or even acquiescence, for the conditions of public employment under the existing State. Here is the rift in the Socialist lute, which Mr. J. H. Harley discloses in a singularly able and well-informed volume, entitled "The New Social Democracy" (P. S. King & Son). It is pleasant enough for revolutionary reformers to contemplate a complete State Socialism, where direct or representative democracy is a reality, so that the people, as citizens and electors, will be able freely and effectively to determine the conditions under which they will work in the public services which they control and operate. But when a Socialist Party to-day urges the organised workers to push collectivist designs for nationalising or municipalising various industries, they cannot pretend that the workers will enjoy any such security or influence. The actual system which they will enter is not a democratic but a bureaucratic one, and even in a country which, like France or England, provides the forms of popular control over administration, the reality of such control is conspicuously absent. Such popular control is not easily or quickly attainable, if at all. Meanwhile, the pushful Socialist parties ask the workers to join in promoting a collectivism which is going to break the solidarity of the labor movement, and to fasten an increasing number of workers in an economic trap, from which they cannot escape. France, the country where the logic of history works itself out most clearly, presented a powerful illustration of this working-class dilemma in last year's railway strike. Public employees cannot obtain redress of grievances from their actual employers, the departmental officials who represent the State; and they are not permitted to use the only effective instrument of protest which remains, the right to strike. It seems inevitable that such State Socialism should make a cleavage in the working-class movement. Society, whose servant the State is, requires the latter to ensure the regular reliable conduct of those public services upon which the very lives of its members may depend. The State cannot, therefore, permit the stoppage of the postal or the railway, or any other fundamental economic process which it administers. It must at all costs deny the exercise of a right to paralyse its services. What then becomes of the trade unionism which requires

the strike as its *dernier ressort*? Though some form of trade unionism may survive in the public services, it seems evident that such organisations must tend to diverge ever more widely from outside unionism, and that their influence must be weaker, and be conducted through different channels. In a word, as bureaucratic collectivism advances, the unity and solidarity of working-class organisation are impaired, and a larger number of bodies of workers are put into a condition in which they cannot use the most powerful class weapons for the redress of grievances or the improvement of conditions of employment.

As these considerations filter down into the mind of the workers, they call a halt in the policy of collectivism.

"The whole situation suggests that the economic evolution is not going to develop on the lines laid down by State Socialists, and that it is not in the interests of working men that it should. If the result of collectivist control is to bring forward proposals for depriving the men in State industries of some of the most important civil rights; if it is treason for the State railwaymen to propose a strike, or for the State match-box girls to be advised by the Women's Industrial Council, then the workers in these industries will begin seriously to ask whether these Socialist proposals really confirm them in any valuable measure of economic freedom."

Mr. Harley holds that the refusal of strong Labor Parties in Australia, France, and other countries to press schemes of nationalisation is mainly attributable to a repudiation of the idea of bureaucracy, accompanied by a recognition of their inability to overcome or temper it by adequate working-class control. Largely for this reason he regards the existence of a Labor Party in the politics of this or any other country as a passing expediency, not as a permanent feature. As fast as working men come to realise the meaning of bureaucracy, they will refuse to lend their support as a body to secure its growth under the specious name of Nationalisation of Industry, and will cling more persistently than ever to their rights and practices of free association in trade unions, co-operative societies, and other modes of labor organisation.

This profoundly interesting and acute interpretation will no doubt be challenged by certain of our Socialists and Labor leaders. It will be contended, in particular, that Mr. Harley too confidently repudiates the possibility of a genuine and rapid permeation of officialism by the democratic spirit. The experiments, to which he refers, for giving real representation to the workers on Boards regulating the conditions of public employment, might meet and overcome the dangers and suspicions of official tyranny. We agree that if it is found in practical experience that, neither by such means nor by the fuller realisation of popular representative control through Parliamentary institutions, can groups of public employees be secured against bureaucratic oppression, State Socialism is likely to act the diminishing part he accords it in the play of labor movements. But Mr. Harley appears to us to take inadequate account of the fact that, independently of the labor and Socialist movements, collectivism is making, and will continue to make, considerable and continual advances, absorbing a larger and larger pro-



portion of workers in the public services. Whatever happens to the party system, and without much regard to the degree of political power wielded by the people, the State and the municipality will take on new economic functions, and will enlarge those already taken on. This "unconscious" process must continue to bring larger bodies of workers into public employment, under conditions to which the methods of outside labor organisations will be inapplicable. There appears to us only one course open to the labor movement—viz., to recognise the fact of this radical divergence between the situations of employees in public and in private businesses, and to devise for the former methods of pressure and negotiation different from those prevailing in the latter.

### COUNTING UP THE GAINS.

SOME day a great writer will rise who will portray the whole of our society in a single and intelligible picture. A mere catalogue of all its details does not supply the need of the imagination. We can form a more or less vivid conception of our forty millions of people scattered over so many millions of acres, scattered over lonely fields or crowded into the streets and blocks of cities. But what is much more difficult to imagine is the complexity of the employments which occupy them. Of these our minds can form no clear vision. Hence it is that so many people have a vague notion that there is not enough work to go round, and busy themselves with speculating how the mass of our fellow-citizens ever find it. The Census of Production, of which a further instalment has just appeared, helps us to realise and to visualise this vast variety. The mere bare recital of the figures relating to each occupation does something to people the void. Up to the present, we have been limited to mere general calculations, based on the income-tax returns and the Census of Wages taken by Sir Robert Giffen in 1886. Now we have far clearer and more detailed indications. Take, for instance, the printing and bookbinding trade, which includes book production, the printing of newspapers and periodicals, "job" and "general" printing, music, lithographic, photographic, and copper and steel plate printing, bookbinding, machine ruling, stereotyping, ticket writing, paper bags, Christmas cards, picture post-cards, maps and plans, and much else besides. In this work 93,000 men, 36,000 women, 23,000 boys, and 19,000 girls were employed in 1907—the year to which the Census refers. Of these 16,000 were "salaried persons" and 156,000 wage-earners. The trade used materials costing eight millions; added to them by its labor and skill a further value of fifteen millions; and after paying certain sums to other firms for work given out, sold the product for £24,500,000, an average output of £89 per head.

The enormous complexity of our industrial system is forced upon the mind afresh with every new instalment of the Census. Even those directly engaged in the process see but a tiny corner. And the whole Census, when finished, will illustrate only a fraction of the national activity. It will deal only with the

output of goods. Even this will be incomplete, for there are no means of measuring the production of food for home consumption on farms and allotments and in laborers' gardens; nor the production of clothes and the cooking of meals by women working in their homes. It will tell us nothing of the endless labor expended in the professions, in the carrying trades with their ships, railways, canals, and roads, in the system of communications which gives unity to the whole scheme, in the operations of the merchant and importer, in retail trade, in banking, insurance, stockbroking, or high finance.

Another impression conveyed is that of the huge apparatus which modern life seems to require over and above its vital necessities or even its remarkable amenities. Such is the nature of most of the production described in this particular volume. How much is life enriched, and civilisation advanced, by steel and copper plates, wood blocks, process blocks, relief stamping, metal stamps, marks and stencils, tickets and show cards, albums, calendars and almanacs, card-board boxes, whether "plain" or "fancy," "rigid" or "folding," many kinds of talking machines and records? Suppose the whole of this multifarious production abolished at a stroke; should we be much the worse off? The reflection intrudes itself still more forcibly when one comes to reckon up the enormous output of "requisites" for cricket, tennis, fishing, golf, gymnastics, etc. (£767,000), billiard and bagatelle tables and accessories (£337,000), ivory, bone, and horn articles (£635,000), cases for jewellery and cutlery (£123,000), "fancy articles of wood, metal, paper, wax, clay, plaster" (£77,000), cushions, cosies, and pin-cushions (£10,000), and, most astonishing of all, picture frames making our walls hideous at a cost of no less than £633,000 in a single year! The total of plate and jewellery production amounts to £8,563,000, and employs 40,000 people. What appreciable amount of gain in pleasure, artistic or otherwise, is to be set against this output of productive energy?

There is this to be said for our industrial system, that, though not directed immediately to any social end, but only to the end of private profit-making, it does somehow succeed in carrying out a very complicated operation. It inflicts much suffering. It fails to provide security of employment, or real liberty, or leisure for self-development, or a reasonably sufficient livelihood. But it meets innumerable needs, and it fits people, in the great majority of cases, into places where their work can be utilised. The processes by which it does this awaken our curiosity while they defy our analysis. Why are 4,585 men and 17,128 women, no more and no less, engaged in making cardboard boxes? How did they get there? Old-fashioned doctrine would tell us that the people of the United Kingdom require exactly two millions' worth of cardboard boxes, that it requires 21,713 persons to make them, that, at some past time, wages rose in proportion to those in other trades, until the necessary 21,713 were attracted into the cardboard box business, and then fell, or will fall, if any more persons should be enamored of making cardboard boxes. But there is certainly much else to be taken into account—custom,

accident, immobility, the suitability of the trade for exploiting women's labor, and a hundred such contributory causes. In this and many another inquiry the Census does not satisfy our curiosity. It gives us the total product. But who gets it? In the trades referred to in this volume the product averages about £90 per head of the persons employed—rather lower than one would expect in view of the modern development of machinery. Is there a surplus over and above the minimum necessary to keep the system working? If so, is there a hard struggle for it, and to whom does it fall?

Many employers have waxed indignant over the "unwarrantable interference" of the Census. Many, again, have denounced the Radical inquisitors for their impertinent questions, backed by a £10 fine. Inquiries such as this probably provoke "anti-Socialist" sentiments far more effectively than great and resounding reforms. But the risk is worth taking. The information here gathered together is needed in the interests of the State. Our society is so complex that the individual employer's business is not, and cannot be, purely his own affair. Other countries, such as the United States, have recognised this long ago. The Census will soon be completed, and it will be repeated periodically, though the exact interval is left for future determination. It will throw a flood of light on the distribution of the national energy, and on the extent of parasitic, or comparatively wasteful, trades. It will help towards a proper reorganisation of the labor market. If we know the amount of employment in a trade under certain conditions in past time, we shall be able the more easily to forecast its future requirements.

Incidentally, the Census has a bearing on Tariff Reform. The stock-in-trade of the Protectionist orator is the importation of foreign goods. He preaches it with a wealth of illustration, supplied to him out of the Returns of Foreign Trade. He can draw a vivid and precise picture of thousands of foreign motor-cars, or of tons of foreign joinery, arriving at our ports and "throwing our workmen out of work." Electors impregnated with such doctrine arrive at a state of mind in which they really think that their own country is producing nothing at all worth speaking of. The weakness of the Free Trader has been that hitherto he has only been able to give the figures of our exports and not those of our total home production. This defect will henceforth be remedied, and people will realise more and more how vast in mass and how great in variety the production is. The whole foreign trade, import and export alike, will look small by comparison. Even in cases where the import is admittedly large, the question will wear a different complexion from what it did before. Take, for example, jewellery, at one time the subject of Mr. Chamberlain's laments. This happens to be a trade in which home production can now be compared exactly with import. The home production in 1907 was £3,292,000, while the import, even including insurance and freight, was only £405,000 or less than one-eighth. With scores of such facts in his armory, the advocate of Free Trade will be able to deal new and staggering blows at the dying fallacies of Protection.

## Life and Letters.

### AN IMPERIALIST IN ARCADY.

THE February number of the "National Review" contained an illuminating article by an Imperialist lady, in which she describes her experiences as a political speaker in a Fenland constituency during the recent election. The article casts a vivid light on what we may call the Primrose League view of the country poor. The writer hurries down from town to Fenland, literally on the eve of the poll, deserting a symphony concert, and up-setting "the W.'s dinner party" by her departure. As the train steams out of King's Cross, she opens a despatch box, and begins to compose her speeches. She "selects her ammunition from an arsenal of pamphlets with which she is provided," but sighs to think that "her fate is usually an audience on whom the measured eloquence of statesmen is wasted, and who are not in the least impressed by extracts from Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone, proving that those eminent Liberals were staunch supporters of principles which their degenerate successors are disowning." Yes, that is it—the stolidity of the agricultural poor. It is really useless to talk to them. Beneath those impassive masks one feels their minds are quite made up. They will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm she never so wisely. Not even copious extracts from those eminent Militarists and Tariff Reformers, Richard Cobden and John Bright, can shake their bigoted adhesion to the prejudices which are ruining the country. These brainless, and, it is to be feared, too often befuddled people, rashly entrusted with the weapon of a vote, will listen to all the lady has to say, and then go away and vote against Tariff Reform. So the village Baptist hears the Rector quote St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and next Sunday takes his dour and customary drive to chapel.

We like the lady politician's account of her arrival at her inn, "The Blue Boar." Of this hostelry she very truly observes that it is "genuine Dickens." In one Fenland town, by the way, there is a perfectly delightful inn. A monastic quiet still broods over the whole town. The place has preserved an atmosphere of almost incredible remoteness. So out of the world is it, that, on Sunday afternoons, the young men do not ride off on bicycles, but, dressed in their Sunday best, hang over the strange old stone bridge. This is no mere passage over water, but some religious station of the monks. On it still stands a sacred Figure, in way-worn, woe-struck, weather-beaten majesty. The "National Review" writer speaks of the "lovely old Queen Anne candlesticks" at the "Blue Boar." So we longed to carry off, from the inn we speak of, an old glass beer jug, engraved two hundred years ago with the dove carrying in her bill a spray of hops plucked off. This, we had fondly imagined, was a fancy of our own. "The 'Blue Boar' is the headquarters of our side," our speaker writes, "but a little further down," she adds unkindly, "there is a Temperance Hotel, much patronised by the others." We hasten to assure her that some of the most impenitent of those "others" know and love the "Blue Boar." What scenes of the past do such old inns evoke, with Toby-jug-like figures gossiping on eighteenth-century bowling-greens in long-gone summer evenings!

But such themes must not allure us from our village politicians. Our lady speaker wisely decides to have some cold chicken in the coffee-room before beginning her evening's work. At 6.30 the motor arrives, and, in getting in, she discovers she has a companion "who had been in the constituency for some days." Let us transcribe some of the remarks of this worthy, verbatim et literatim.

"These agricultural laborers are something cool. No brains, no eddication—but there! We spend millions a year on eddication, but what do we turn out? They can read and write, but they can't think." (From this point on, these last words occur like a refrain through the rest of the article.) "London is a cool disap-

pointment. I can't understand it at all. Never could understand a working man being a Liberal. . . . As for Socialism, its ridiculous. Flying in the face of nature." This fiery apostle appears to have broken away from his hereditary political creed. "I've been a shoemaker myself, and my father and brothers—all Radicals. Shoemakers and tailors are usually Radicals, and mostly Atheists." Could the Primrose League contempt for shoemakers and tailors and the base mechanic rabble-babble of places like Birmingham and Leicester and Northampton be more concisely expressed?

The account of the journey's end is hardly encouraging. The motor-car is received with "loud booing" in the village. "The schoolroom is nearly empty, save for a few young girls, and a few old ladies in the front seats." These old ladies are, no doubt, the true remnant. "The chair is a rugged-faced old farmer, eighty years old and stone-deaf." "The booing youths take their stand at the back of the room. Fresh contingents of men keep coming in at the door, where they stand three deep, pipe in mouth, hands in pocket, cap on head, staring at the lady speaker." Alas! for the manners of Arcady. "The local chairman of committee prefers a request. The Radicals have put a notice all over the village that, if Mr. Brown gets in, bread and butter will be heavily taxed. Will I deal with this? It is a request with which every speaker on our side is familiar!" Yes, indeed. In Arcady it is the one subject we want to hear about. For the woes of Irish landlords we have no tears to spend.

The whole article is so lifelike and so instructive that the reader will pardon a few more quotations. They hardly need one word of comment. The writer next gives the candid expression of her feeling about the rustic audience she has come from London to address:

"I wonder whether other speakers have the same feeling of utter incompetence that comes over me when I stand up and face such an audience as this. The blank, bucolic faces, the wreaths of smoke rising up from heavy lips, the expressionless eyes all turned upon me, the thick boots ready to shuffle on the floor. . . . What is one to talk about? Can they understand these questions of high politics, these grave constitutional issues? They can read and write, but they cannot think."

No, but they can feel. Their fathers were reasoned with in the Greek portico of the hungry 'forties (to borrow a phrase of George Meredith's), and they themselves know what it is to be cold and wet and hungry. At the best of times it is still hard work to get enough to eat for themselves and their children. No sophistry will make them take a single step towards making it harder. Meanwhile, they will listen—they rather like listening to a good speaker on any side or subject. After half-an-hour our lady "sits down amid very kindly applause."

They are the despair of the propertied and titled gentry who wish to tax their food, and who cannot do it without their consent. The chairman of her next meeting gave the lady his "impressions of the neighborhood." From internal evidence, we should say that he was a retired military man. He spoke once, and twice also we have heard the same. We have heard it from colonels and farmers and squires and parsons' wives. He said:—

"The only things they care about are their stomachs and their pockets. No use talking to them about the Empire, and as for Home Rule, they don't know what it means. They've never seen a ship—most of 'em, and don't care a brass farthing for the Navy, or anything that really matters. Ireland? No, they take no interest in it at all."

This witness is true. To the people, their pockets and their stomachs are the things that really matter. How can it be otherwise? To us also it seems that for the people to have decent houses to live in and food enough to eat are the things that really matter. When these are attained, by all means let them see ships, and learn something of the people of other countries, and their solidarity with them.

But our lady speaker is not discouraged. If they are apathetic, it is because they are ignorant, and, for her part, she "will talk Empire and Navy, God and our Country wherever she may go." In this list of nouns, note the position accorded to the third. A fervent

lady Tariff Reformer lately remarked to a friend of the present writer: "We're not doing it for ourselves—it's for the Almighty." God and Tariff Reform! We are reminded of some lines in Don Juan:—

"God and the Empress! Oh! ye Powers  
Eternal, such names mingled."

We quote once more:—

"It's a bit of romance, this election. Tom Brown was born at X., of poor parents. In Australia he has made his pile, and he comes back—an Imperialist, of course—with one great ambition, to represent his native place at Westminster. A splendid candidate, everyone says—if he cannot get in, no one could."

No, under these conditions, no one can. The fact stated above, of course, appeals strongly to popular sentiment and local patriotism. "Home again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," but you must not try to tax our food.

Will this Fenland desert ever blossom as the rose of Tariff Reform, will it become a Primrose wood in spring, a Botticelli Primavera with its dancing nymphs? Our writer is doubtfully hopeful—she suggests Empire maps and flags.

"Twenty meetings, aye, or two hundred, will not send an Imperialist back to Westminster as member for X, if the men who are to elect him are brought up in schools where there is neither an Empire map nor a British flag. . . . Forty meetings, or four hundred, will not really help to bring enlightenment to an electorate, of which the majority are taught to read and write but not to think."

If this were done, they might, perhaps, be got to prefer maps and flags and stones to bread. The article ends sadly:—

"Tom Brown has not got the wish of his heart yet, and X. is represented at Westminster by a Radical wrecker."

#### THE FOOTLIGHT PULPIT.

It was nearly twelve o'clock at night in a northern town some thirty years ago. The rain-swept streets were empty. Even the police had taken shelter or gone to bed. But down a back lane, a solitary figure, darker than darkness, crept noiselessly beside the walls. At a high gate he paused and softly uttered a feminine name. The word was instantly answered by an excited sniffing inside, and, springing up, with a foot on the handle and his fingers on the coping over the door, the boy climbed to the top and dropped quietly into the yard below. Whispering the name once more, and stooping down to receive one long kiss of mute affection, he stole across the open space to a back window in a middle-class house, carefully inserted a knife between the sashes, pushed back the bolt, raised the lower part of the window a little, forced a yielding shutter, and wriggled into a dark and silent room. Evidently he was familiar with the premises, for, having barred the shutter from the inside, he felt for a chair in the total darkness, undressed, and went to bed. In the morning a servant called him, and he knelt as usual at family prayers with his sisters and brothers after his father had read a chapter from the Old Testament. For six successive nights that midnight figure might have been descried, stealthily breaking into the sanctuary of his own home. Still the mastiff bitch never said a word, and every morning when he joined the others round the breakfast table he preserved a look of innocence. Inwardly, a radiant joy illuminated him. Who would have supposed that night by night he visited one of the gates of hell? Yet every night, in defiance of parents, religion, and the dictates of morality, he went to the theatre, and saw Irving as Hamlet.

To a god-fearing, evangelical family in a northern town, hardly any form of sin could have appeared more atrocious. What, then, would his father have said if he could have lived to hear the theatre, which to him was one of the gates of hell ("Rome" being the other), advocated and actually employed as a substitute for the pulpits of the churches and chapels which he knew? Silently, and almost unnoticed, that has come about, and it is well that the generations pass; else each would



stand bewildered with horror in the midst of the next. Even that has come about, and now the most horrifying and most malignantly misrepresented cause need never despair, so quick is the change that years and use will bring. Ibsen is already an old-fashioned preacher, and the pious shrieks that critics raised at his coming have died into examples of incredible ineptitude. The pulpits that he caused to be erected on the stage have long been occupied by younger preachers of great eloquence and convincing zeal. With modern instances and living illustrations, they have thundered against the unbelief and vices of the age. They have taken as their text the heartlessness of the law, the inequality of justice, the inhuman regularity of systems, the rising protest of the poor, the insincerities of political life, the waste of womanhood in an existence either of fashion or of perpetual toil, the overwhelming tragedy of legal crime, executed on a parent and visited on a child. Many other texts our familiar and distinguished preachers have chosen, and in their irresistible dramas they have caught the conscience of the country. They have searched men's hearts with strange questionings and uneasy dubitations. They have held up a mirror that startled self-complacency till it shrank with a cry for mercy. They have said to the British citizen, "Thou art the man."

There is no secret about it. "The theatre is irresistible; organise the theatre!" cried Matthew Arnold, like a voice in the wilderness, a quarter of a century ago. And, by organise, he meant spiritualise, raise to a higher plane, bring it to bear upon human life, and upon conduct, which, as he was never tired of saying, is three-fourths of life. If the pulpit of dogma fails, he might have said, enter the pulpit of literature, and the pulpit of literature is the stage. For the last fifteen years that transference of power has been in progress, and the well-known names of men like Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Granville Barker, or Mr. Masfield, who in old days might have ranked as bishops, curates, or naval chaplains, now stand inscribed among the drama's finest hierarchy. And here comes Mr. Bernard Shaw, born just too late to swell the roll of Irish saints or, perhaps, restore the palm of martyrdom to his country, and, speaking as the most prolific dramatist of them all, with a name that, almost alone of the names in our more-or-less United Kingdom, is known throughout educated Europe, he openly calls his latest printed play "a religious tract!"

From the theatre as one of hell's two gates, what a distance we have travelled! It is true that our derided Censor would not allow this religious tract to be produced, but that only strengthens the analogy to the preacher. In past days our Censor would not merely have silenced a preacher like Mr. Shaw; he would have burnt him. The vapid, the flippant, the easy-going, the suggestive, and the indecent have always been indulgently tolerated by censors in church and stage; but official authority has never spared the austere, the innovator, the disturber of convention, the man whom the zeal of the Lord consumes. Hear what Mr. Shaw says of his purpose as a playwright in that "Statement" which the Censorship Commission rejected with so fine a touch of melodrama, and then judge what sort of a fire he would have lighted under the power of pulpit censors four hundred years ago. The rejected Statement is now included in one of the prefaces or prolonged sermons, running to about half the length of the book, that accompany the collection of three lately written plays, "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Getting Married," and "The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet" (Constable):—

"I am not an ordinary playwright in general practice," says Mr. Shaw, for in a Special Commission it is wise to assume the ignorance of its members; "I am a specialist in immoral and heretical plays. My reputation has been gained by my persistent struggle to force the public to reconsider its morals. In particular, I regard much current morality as to economic and sexual relations as disastrously wrong; and I regard certain doctrines of the Christian religion as understood in England to-day with abhorrence. I write plays with the deliberate object of converting the nation to my opinions in these matters. . . . If I were prevented from producing

immoral and heretical plays, I should cease to write for the theatre, and propagate my views from the platform and through books."

There stands the free confession of the dramatic preacher, but to comprehend its full significance we must add his own definition of immorality:—

"Whatever is contrary to established manners and customs is immoral," he says: "An immoral act or doctrine is not necessarily a sinful one: on the contrary, every advance in thought or conduct is by definition immoral until it has converted the majority. For this reason it is of the most enormous importance that immorality should be protected jealously against the attacks of those who have no standard except the standard of custom, and who regard any attack on custom—that is, on morals—as an attack on society, on religion, and on virtue."

In such passages, as throughout the body of Mr. Shaw's vital production, whether on platform, stage, or in books, the qualities of the preacher are revealed—the preacher, who, by the power of the word, acts like leaven on the lump of the public dough, searching it out, penetrating its remotest corner, arousing, exciting, making its darkness heave and stir as with a magic ferment. Nothing can resist the seriousness of his investigation. No reverence for consecrated tradition, no respect for romantic illusions can keep it out. Of all writers, he has shown the greatest sincerity; and, like a fearless sleuth-hound, he has followed the track of reason, no matter to what uncomfortable and unpeopled regions it might lead. In common with the greatest preachers, he has practised deliberate and remorseless austerity, strangling the temptations of romantic temperaments, and wiping off the fugitive and trivial records of the affections. Now and again the underlying emotionalism gleams out, but it is hastily covered up, with a certain shamefacedness. "When you loved me, I gave you the whole sun and stars to play with, I gave you eternity in a single moment," says a woman in "Getting Married." "What's this game that upsets our game?" says Blanco Posnet, when confronted with something he calls God. But all that sort of stuff is impatiently thrown aside, or it is concealed as a mere trance, a silly ecstasy, a sentimental moment of Bret Harte melodrama. The preacher shall not soften the savagery of his indignation, nor perturb the lucidity of reason with the common passions of mankind. To himself also the Puritan owes the decent covering of restraint.

For fear of perturbing reason's lucidity, shall we then omit the passions that have served as the drama's motives almost to satiety? Something is lost. Perhaps it is chiefly the sublime that is lost. It is seldom in this, our newest preacher, that we are given the sense of overwhelming greatness. It is seldom that we are allowed a vista into the region that Wordsworth called the soul's immensity. Mr. Chesterton has adroitly said that Mr. Shaw "is an almost solitary exception to the general and essential maxim that little things please great minds." And that is true, for, perhaps, it is the element of wonder that is wanting, or studiously suppressed, and wonder can reach to the sublime in little things as in vast. There is also an art—a dramatic art—which can attain the preacher's object without a word of preaching; by its passionate revelation so raising the temper, and so clearing the vision of the world, that it can never fall back again into the apathy and blindness of what is dull and accustomed. In the end, the effect of such art may be more widely diffused. But whatever the stern and serious self-discipline of Mr. Shaw and his few peers in France, Germany, or Russia may have lost them, it has roused us all from a steamy and languid period of art for art's sake. It has accomplished a sincere and unflinching exposure of evils which habit had accepted as inevitable, or sanctioned as morality. It has saved the stage from the hatred or contempt of thoughtful people, and to the drama itself it has restored at least the finely political influence that was shed even from comedy in Greece. "A man as intimate with his own wife as a magistrate is with his clerk, or a Prime Minister with the leader of the Opposition," writes Mr. Shaw, "is a man in ten thousand." What a sermon, what a political discourse, lies hidden under the wit of those few words!

## THE NEW ROMANCE.

HEINE, meeting in Ferdinand Lassalle the advance guard of "thrones, dominations, principedoms, powers," newly arrayed against his spirit, thought Romance—the romance of which, as he said, he himself was "the last fairy-king"—must perforce be overcome. His kingdom was doomed; its "thousand years' reign" was over; thenceforward the world must do as best it might with the clutch of grim fact at its throat and a chill as of death within its heart. Fancy would become a play for children, not for grown men; and the artistic imagination would be disinherited of the truth it had allied with beauty, and in which its highest inspiration had been found. An intelligence that could pull the world and man to bits would arrange all things in a pattern of its own.

The years that have gone by since Heine died have abundantly fulfilled his prophecy and justified his fears. They have been lean and evil years for the artist, barren years for all romance that could not stand against a blast of critical analysis which swept its field, and carried off, with the "wood, hay, stubble" of fancy held for fact, the truth on which it fed. Our fairy-kings have been dethroned; and art, so far as it is concerned with the story of humanity, has lived on reminiscences, echoes, reverberations of the past. Little enough inspiration has come to it from the present; from the artist's survey of the life of man, his whence and what and whither; from religion; from the greater wisdom some men have worshipped through long days of dryness, when no man of the new knowledge Heine feared could call his soul his own.

Most thinking men in the era of the last enlightenment were content, or thought they were content, to work and creep in the dust which seemed their proper place. An ignominious content was, for the most part, thrust upon them. The only power that could then resist the mighty army of dead facts was not a power of reflective thought, nor of imagination; it was the power they had lost in a confusion coming in with the new order—the power of faith in their own life, in their own experience, in their vision of a deeper truth. The swoop of analysis, which had ranged the detail of their bodies and their brains as scientific facts, had driven life itself away, cast their experience in their teeth and darkened vision. Consciousness—that by which all facts are made—this consciousness, they were assured, was of no more importance to the machine that as a mere by-product ground it out, than the whistle to the railway-engine or the flying shadow to a cloud driven by the wind. What was there left for any man who was a man, except to be content? Why struggle vainly in the grip of a fate more blind and inexorable than that which held the gods of Greece?

So we grinned and bore our fate. And romance, as we had known it, died. Only sentiment remained; and sentimentality—defying not only fate and fact but art and truth—a mawkish thing which in its elusive incoherence keeps up still a meaningless resistance to the reason of the world.

Man, however, neither died nor changed. His divine discontent, too, overcame his false and unnatural content. Therefore we of this generation are making a discovery that Heine would have hailed. We are discovering ourselves, and in ourselves the field of a romance that never dies but is ever being transformed. So we find romance once more, the "true romance" that Kipling sings, the romance of the immortal child in man.

"Who holds by Thee hath Heaven in fee  
To gild his dross thereby,  
And knowledge sure that he endure  
A child until he die—"

This new-born romance belongs to the prophet and the seer of reality, to the artist for whom in all ages truth and beauty are inseparably one, and to the eternal spirit and temper of the child. Who would have thought that its first legitimate lords were to be philosophers and men of science? Who would have thought that a hair of the dog that bit us was to heal our wound? Yet we might well have thought it, for there is no cure for the

hurt given by a knowledge gone thus far except a knowledge going farther still. We may evade the hurt, for a time or a generation, and if evasion suits us; but never shall we cure it in any other way. And if there were no cure by a deeper knowledge, for the dreadful wound of the spirit and heart of man given in the past years of our government by "impersonal and aimless laws," the throne of romance would be worse than empty since its last king died—it would be abandoned by a world stricken too sorely to care to see it filled. "Non, non, Monsieur Renan n'a pas le droit d'être gai."

That is the point. We must have the right to our romance, the right to freedom, to a trust in the vision of the inner eye, to hope and faith and self-bestowing love, to a sacrifice of ourselves before a far-off ideal of ourselves. We must be able to hold up our heads in face of any challenge; and to return a challenge bolder still, because more secure and better warranted. We must meet the demands of the analytic reason with the justified, as well as just, claims of the whole of reason and of the life of man. So we shall bring in our new romance, with new liberty of soul and a kingdom of high and infinite adventure.

In the wildest or the fairest dreams of a fancy or an imagination playing over the unordered world there is no such field of adventure, no such summons to courage, to devotion, admiration, as opens up before a man who confidently knows that he is free, and able to receive into his own life power and more life from an inexhaustible source given him to use. There is nowhere any romance equal to the romance of reality; when we acknowledge life to be creative in itself and of itself, not captive to any end, still less decree, not mastered by the determinism of things, nor timed by their inflexible succession.

A life not calculable even by omniscience, yet controlled by each man who lives, and to be more and more controlled as he learns mastery and chooses to be free, a life of the god a man may be—this marvel is ours by right of the new knowledge of our day, now swiftly overtaking that other which smote us with the sword of our most stern enlightenment. The mechanical interpretation of the glories and wonders of our promise and our potent life has no terrors left for those among us who have come to understand it, and put it in its right place. We know it for what it is, a useful tool. We throw it down when we have done with it; and turn to living and its serious affairs—to art, to beauty, faith, the problems of our what and whence and whither, the problems of a boundless love and boundless need in a world where every man is keeper of all other men, and no man lives by bread alone.

We shall never return to the chaos of fact that we have left behind. We shall never again suffer as we did from our unordered knowledge, and from an undistinguished ignorance corroding the very heart of things, giving place to superstitions matching with itself, and holding fast, in the throes of its own weakness, our most vital truth. New orders there will be, assuredly; but it is not too much to say that the perils of any new order are as nothing, will always be as nothing, to the perils of the utter want of order that had to be swept away when order came. We shall never return to the old romance, although its fairy-kings still have their place and our allegiance. We have a new romance, and are waiting for new kings. The throne is empty and inviting. But the artists are not ready. The spirit of the recent past still keeps its cold hand upon their hearts, and their blood moves slowly in their veins. Or they seek inspiration in the remoter past, and make pretence do for a faith that they have lost, take reproduction for the living reality that should move them to create.

It is all too new, this spirit now invading us; and its manifestation is as yet too remote, perhaps, from the life of dreamers, poets, painters, and the rest. But the other men, the men of science and philosophy, are aroused, and who shall say how short the time may be before this heavenly fire spreads? From Aristotle to Aquinas was long indeed; from Aquinas to Dante, from Dante to the whole world, how short! Is it true—think



you—that religion is to be once more the herald of romance, to mediate between philosophy and art, and stir our kings to fill that empty throne? If it is, we shall not have long to wait, for things move quickly nowadays, and the modern Aquinas is already at work—in many places and under many names.

### THE BEE'S YEAR.

THE bees are going down into the yellow cups of the crocuses. They clamber in by the red stigmas and come out from the purple-shaded depth smeared with pollen. You can see their shadow through the golden walls, like the shadow of people against a lighted window. In a few days, summer has started up from the cold ground, and summer has come out of the cold air. There is nothing so hot as a bee in full quest for floral loot, nothing so bright as a yellow crocus in the sun. Bare beds almost everywhere, dull lawns, trees without leaves, and then, in a favored spot, showers of brightest jewels upon the grass, pearls and amethyst and gold with bees hot about them. Only, when the crocuses are gone, there will be little else for awhile. And the bees that suck them will be dead almost as soon as they.

With the opening of spring, the population begins to go down. The life of the bee in work being little more than two months, all those but the youngest that have seen the colony through the winter are finished by a few days' work as water-carriers or gatherers of pollen in the cold and treacherous days with which the year opens. Lucky is the bee-master whose hives were producing healthy young bees up to the middle of a fine October, for, after the winter quiescence, they will still be capable of some weeks' work. On a fine day in January the writer's bees swarmed out lustily; boiled crawling from the entrance; ran over the hive in an ecstasy of resurrection, and filled the air with the zig-zag, aimless flight of joyous beings trying their wings. But, even in that flight, some fell down and finished their life in the first day of awakening. Every day since, when it has not been too cold to stir from the cluster, there have been dead bodies to carry forth or bees that flew out and lacked strength to return. The cluster has closed up on the empty files, losing its power of communal warmth faster than the nights have gained in temperature. The cloud that exercises at mid-day becomes evidently smaller, and the perilous event, known as "spring dwindling," goes on with accelerated speed.

Now, however, the quality of the life, if not its quantity, goes up. After three weeks' incubation, the first batch of young bees hatches. It may be but a square inch of comb, numbering twenty-five cells, but the twenty-five young bees are worth full fifty of the old ones, even if so many should die the same day. The next day there are others, and the next and the next more still, in larger and larger batches. The young bees make better nurses than the old, and raise a still sturdier generation. Yet it is long before the spring dwindling is overtaken and the population of the hive begins to boom. Sometimes it happens that the bees have anticipated fortune by too much, and the hive is starved by over-population. Sometimes that catastrophe is due to the bee-master, who can, by opening the hive and bruising a few cells of honey, set the bees breeding before the sun does. It is not till the apple blossom comes in still, warm weather that the stores of a rapidly breeding hive will overtake the daily expenditure on food. And then the bees seem to strain every nerve to raise a population that shall bring the community to starvation.

Furious as seems the business of the hive normally in early April, it does not amount to the honey-gathering force that the bee-master appreciates. If he wishes to profit by the apple harvest, he must considerably hasten matters, so as to get a June crowd of bees in April. By setting a little honey flowing from a bruised comb, he tricks the bees into a belief that the

season of plenty has begun. As soon as the brood nest has spread to two combs, he moves them apart and puts an empty comb between, so that the bees hasten to fill up the middle and unite the nursery area. He must have the queen laying vigorously for about six weeks before the honey-flow occurs that he wishes to make use of. So if she is laying a thousand eggs a day, it will be seen that twenty, thirty, forty thousand bees will be available to store honey before the honey harvest is gone. Still not enough. The bee-master must join the population of two hives, either by putting two communities together under a common upper storey or by gathering frames of brood from other hives, and thus "doubling" the one that has to produce a surplus. Thus we may, in a season, take forty, eighty, or a hundred pounds of honey from a hive and still leave it the thirty that are necessary to carry it through the winter.

It is not the bee's way to store honey so far in excess of requirements. Just as, at the turn of the year, her first thought is to increase progeny, so a still greater prosperity runs to a still greater increase, adding to the hordes of workers the luxury of drones and young queens. Just when the bee-master expects his populous hives to gather far more honey than they can possibly consume, the bees come swarming out almost to the last one, abandon all their stores, and go off to begin life anew from the first gramme of wax. The issue of a swarm from a hive marked for honey-getting proclaims *pro tanto* the bee-man's failure. He has his means of dealing with it either by prevention or remedy, but, perchance, he sells the swarm to a beginner in bee-craft, and there the tale of the hive begins at the very beginning.

In old days, the work of a newly-hived swarm was a very laborious affair. It is always attacked with an amount of energy that is astonishing even by comparison with the bee's normal industry. We save the swarm almost a season's work by giving it frames of wax sheet on which the cells have been planned with walls containing material enough for their completion to the full depth. If the sheets we give them are ten, and weigh a pound, they are equal to a present of forty pounds of honey. Ten days after swarming, a large swarm has a superficies of comb equal to nearly twenty square feet, and containing 50,000 cells fully drawn out, the greater number of them filled with young bees, the rest containing from a drop or two to a full complement of honey. We can now put over them another storey also full of comb foundation, barring out the queen by the insertion of a grille through which her subjects but not she can pass. After a little hesitation, we are able to report the glad news that the bees have "gone up." While the queen is busy downstairs refilling the cells that hatch out there, the upper storey is being filled with solid honey. Soon we can lift it and place under it a third box of frames. Next, we can take a storey away, throw out the honey, and give back the empty combs to be refilled. Then, as summer wanes, we take away the supers one by one, not returning them when emptied, but keeping the fully drawn-out combs for the bees to fill another year, thus saving the bees still more of the labors they normally must pass through before laying up honey.

Bee-keeping carried to such feverish lengths—asking a hive, and even a swarm, of the year to give us sixty pounds of honey in so poor a climate as ours—savors of sweating. It may be, though no expert has said so, that some of the diseases that devastate the apiaries have origin in the undue extension of hive populations, an extension that should mean attenuation and decrease of individual vitality. The dread Isle of Wight disease does seem to be a kind of nervous debility that might well be reached by this means. Perhaps safety lies in the observance of a maximum dividend of, say, thirty pounds per hive. Perhaps wax-making is a healthy pursuit that the bees ought not to be denied. Certainly the contemplative man takes so much pleasure in the natural activity of his bee that he is little tempted to dabble in the hustling methods of the ultra-expert. In America, they even give the bees a shaking now



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Furious as seems the business of the hive normally in early April, it does not amount to the honey-gathering force that the bee-master appreciates. If he wishes to profit by the apple harvest, he must considerably hasten matters, so as to get a June crowd of bees in April. By setting a little honey flowing from a bruised comb, he tricks the bees into a belief that the

season of plenty has begun. As soon as the brood nest has spread to two combs, he moves them apart and puts an empty comb between, so that the bees hasten to fill up the middle and unite the nursery area. He must have the queen laying vigorously for about six weeks before the honey-flow occurs that he wishes to make use of. So if she is laying a thousand eggs a day, it will be seen that twenty, thirty, forty thousand bees will be available to store honey before the honey harvest is gone. Still not enough. The bee-master must join the population of two hives, either by putting two communities together under a common upper storey or by gathering frames of brood from other hives, and thus "doubling" the one that has to produce a surplus. Thus we may, in a season, take forty, eighty, or a hundred pounds of honey from a hive and still leave it the thirty that are necessary to carry it through the winter.

It is not the bee's way to store honey so far in excess of requirements. Just as, at the turn of the year, her first thought is to increase progeny, so a still greater prosperity runs to a still greater increase, adding to the hordes of workers the luxury of drones and young queens. Just when the bee-master expects his populous hives to gather far more honey than they can possibly consume, the bees come swarming out almost to the last one, abandon all their stores, and go off to begin life anew from the first gramme of wax. The issue of a swarm from a hive marked for honey-getting proclaims *pro tanto* the bee-man's failure. He has his means of dealing with it either by prevention or remedy, but, perchance, he sells the swarm to a beginner in bee-craft, and there the tale of the hive begins at the very beginning.

In old days, the work of a newly-hived swarm was a very laborious affair. It is always attacked with an amount of energy that is astonishing even by comparison with the bee's normal industry. We save the swarm almost a season's work by giving it frames of wax sheet on which the cells have been planned with walls containing material enough for their completion to the full depth. If the sheets we give them are ten, and weigh a pound, they are equal to a present of forty pounds of honey. Ten days after swarming, a large swarm has a superficies of comb equal to nearly twenty square feet, and containing 50,000 cells fully drawn out, the greater number of them filled with young bees, the rest containing from a drop or two to a full complement of honey. We can now put over them another storey also full of comb foundation, barring out the queen by the insertion of a grille through which her subjects but not she can pass. After a little hesitation, we are able to report the glad news that the bees have "gone up." While the queen is busy downstairs refilling the cells that hatch out there, the upper storey is being filled with solid honey. Soon we can lift it and place under it a third box of frames. Next, we can take a storey away, throw out the honey, and give back the empty combs to be refilled. Then, as summer wanes, we take away the supers one by one, not returning them when emptied, but keeping the fully drawn-out combs for the bees to fill another year, thus saving the bees still more of the labors they normally must pass through before laying up honey.

Bee-keeping carried to such feverish lengths—asking a hive, and even a swarm, of the year to give us sixty pounds of honey in so poor a climate as ours—savors of sweating. It may be, though no expert has said so, that some of the diseases that devastate the apiaries have origin in the undue extension of hive populations, an extension that should mean attenuation and decrease of individual vitality. The dread Isle of Wight disease does seem to be a kind of nervous debility that might well be reached by this means. Perhaps safety lies in the observance of a maximum dividend of, say, thirty pounds per hive. Perhaps wax-making is a healthy pursuit that the bees ought not to be denied. Certainly the contemplative man takes so much pleasure in the natural activity of his bee that he is little tempted to dabble in the hustling methods of the ultra-expert. In America, they even give the bees a shaking now



and then to wake them up and set them more vigorously to work. As for the writer, whose bees are now at the crocuses, he will be happy to see the crowd that goes into the hive with pollen baskets of orange, yellow, blue and black daily increase in its own way. He will be happy if, by giving them plenty of air and room, he can prevent them from swarming, and then, when the main honey-flow comes in June, there will be bees enough to find, beyond their own needs, honey for the master, honey for the dame, and a goodly number of combs to give away.

## Short Studies.

### RIDING IN MIST.

WET and hot, having her winter coat, the mare exactly matched the drenched fox-colored beech-leaf drifts. As was her wont on such misty days, she danced along with head held high, her neck a little arched, her ears pricked, pretending that things were not what they seemed, and now and then vigorously trying to leave me planted on the air. Stones which had rolled out of the lane banks were her especial goblins, for one had maltreated her nerves before she came into this ball-room world, and she had not forgotten.

There was no wind that day. On the beech trees were still just enough of coppery leaves to look like fires lighted high-up to air the eeriness; but most of the twigs, pearled with water, were patterned very naked against universal grey. Berries were few, except the pink spindle one, so far the most beautiful, of which there were more than Earth generally vouchsafes. There was no sound in the deep lanes, none of that sweet, overhead sighing of yesterday at the same hour, but there was a quality of silence—a dumb mist murmur. We passed a tree with a proud pigeon sitting on its top spire, quite too heavy for the twig delicacy below; undisturbed by the mare's hoofs or the creaking of saddle leather, he let us pass, absorbed in his world of tranquil turtle-doves. The mist had thickened to a white, infinitesimal rain-dust, and, in it, the trees began to look strange, as though they had lost one another. The world seemed inhabited only by quick, soundless wraiths as one trotted past.

Close to a farm-house the mare stood still with that extreme suddenness peculiar to her at times, and four black pigs scuttled by, and at once became white air. By now we were both hot, and inclined to cling closely together, and take liberties with each other; I telling her about her nature, name, and appearance, together with comments on her manners; and she giving forth that stertorous, sweet snuffle which begins under the star on her forehead. On such days she did not sneeze, reserving those expressions of her joy for sunny days, and the crisp winds. At a forking of the ways we came suddenly on one grey and three brown ponies, who shied round and flung away in front of us, a vision of pretty heads and haunches tangled in the thin lane, till, conscious that they were beyond their beat, they faced the bank and, one by one, scrambled over to join the other ghosts out on the dim common.

Dipping down now over the road, we passed hounds going home. Pied, dumb-footed shapes, padding along in that soft-eyed, remote world of theirs, with a tall riding splash of red in front, and a tall splash of riding red behind. Then through a gate we came on to the moor, amongst whitened furze. The mist thickened. A curlew was whistling on its invisible way, far up; and that wistful, wild calling seemed the very voice of the day. Keeping in view the glint of the road, we galloped; rejoicing, both of us, to be free of the jog-jog of the lanes. And first the voice of the curlew died; then the glint of the road vanished; and we were quite alone. Even the furze was gone; no shape of anything left, only the black, peaty ground, and the thickening mist. We might as well have been that lonely bird crossing up there in the blind white nothing-

ness, like a human spirit wandering on the undiscovered moor of its own future.

The mare jumped a pile of stones, which appeared, as it were, after we had passed over; and it came into my mind that, if she happened to strike one of the old quarry pits, we should infallibly be killed. Somehow, there was pleasure in this thought, that we might, or might not, strike that old quarry pit. The blood in us being hot, we had pure joy in charging its white, impalpable solidity, which made way, and at once closed in behind us. There was great fun in this yard-by-yard discovery that we were not yet dead, this flying, shelterless challenge to whatever might lie out there, five yards in front. We felt supremely above the wish to know that our necks were safe; we were happy, panting in the vapor, that beat against our faces from the sheer speed of our galloping. Suddenly the ground grew lumpy, and made uphill. The mare slackened pace; we stopped. Before us, behind, to right and left, white vapor. No sky, no distance, barely the earth. No wind in our faces, no wind anywhere. At first we just got our breath, thought nothing, talked a little. Then came a chillness, a faint clutching over the heart. The mare snuffled; we turned and made downhill. And still the mist thickened, and seemed to darken ever so little; we went slowly, suddenly doubtful of all that was in front. There came into our minds visions, so distant, in that darkening vapor, of a warm stall, and manger of oats; of tea, and a log fire. The mist seemed to have fingers now, long, dark-white, crawling fingers; it seemed, too, to have in its sheer silence a sort of muttered menace, a shuddery lurkingness, as if from out of it that spirit of the unknown, which in hot blood we had just now so gleefully mocked, were creeping up at us, intent on its vengeance. Since the ground no longer sloped, we could not go downhill; there were no means left of telling in what direction we were moving, and we stopped to listen. There was no sound, not one tiny noise of water, wind in trees, or man; not even of birds or the moor ponies. And the mist darkened. The mare reached her head down, and walked on, smelling at the heather; every time she sniffed, one's heart quivered, hoping she had found the way. She threw up her head, snorted, and stood still; and there passed just in front of us a pony and her foal, shapes of scampering dusk, whisked like blurred shadows across a grey sheet. Hoof-silent in the long heather—as ever were visiting ghosts—they were gone in a flash. The mare plunged forward, following. But, in the feel of her gallop, and the feel of my heart, there was no more that ecstasy of facing the unknown, there was only the cold, hasty dread of loneliness. Far asunder as the poles were those two sensations, evoked by this same emotion. The mare swerved violently, and stopped. There, passing within three yards, from the same direction as before, the soundless shapes of the pony and her foal flew by again, more intangible, less dusky now against the darker screen. Were we, then, to be haunted by those bewildering uncanny ones, flitting past ever from the same direction? This time the mare did not follow, but stood still; knowing as well as I that direction was quite lost. Soon, with a whimper, she picked her way on again, smelling at the heather. And the mist darkened!

Then, out of the heart of that dusky whiteness, came a tiny sound; we stood, not breathing, turning our heads. I could see the mare's eye fixed and straining at the vapor. The tiny sound grew till it became the muttering of wheels. The mare dashed forward. The muttering ceased instantly; but she did not stop; turning abruptly to the left, she slid, scrambled, and dropped into a trot. The mist seemed whiter below us; we were on the road. And involuntarily there came from me a noise, not quite a shout, not quite an oath. I saw the mare's eye turn back, faintly derisive, as who should say: Alone I did it! Then slowly, comfortably, a little ashamed, we jogged on, in the mood of men and horses when danger is over. So pleasant it seemed now, in one short half-hour, to have passed through the circle-swing of the emotions, from the ecstasy of hot recklessness to the clutching of chill fear. But



the meeting-point of those two sensations we had left out there on the mysterious moor! Why, at one moment, had we thought it finer than anything on earth to risk the breaking of our necks; and, the next, shuddered at being lost in the darkening mist with winter night fast coming on?

And very luxuriously we turned once more into the lanes, enjoying the past, scenting the future. Close to home, the first little eddy of wind stirred, and the song of dripping twigs began; an owl hooted, honey-soft, in the fog. We came on two farm hands mending the lane at the turn of the avenue, and, curled on the top of the bank, their cosy, red, collie pup, waiting for them to finish work for the day. He raised his sharp nose and looked at us dewily. We turned down, padding softly in the wet fox-red drifts under the beech trees, whose last leaves still flickered out in the darkening whiteness, that now seemed so little eerie. We passed the grey-green skeleton of the farm-yard gate. A hen ran across us, clucking, into the dusk. The mare drew her long, home-coming snuffle, and stood still.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

## The Drama.

### SALOMÉ AS A PLAY.

THE Censorship is such an entirely discredited institution that the many successful attempts to ignore it now disturb no one but the artists whom these veiled breaches of the law deprive of their proper reward. Broadly speaking, there are still two types of playgoers in London—those who witness the (mostly uninteresting) authorised play, and those who attend the unauthorised and usually interesting one. Since the day when the denial of stage rights to one of the greatest moral philippics ever written stamped the Censorship for the thing it is, this first kind of play and audience has acquired a somewhat higher stamp than it deserves. Average intelligence, or moral or æsthetic sensitiveness, has come to regard itself as dowered with the courage of the exiles of the Catacombs. There never was any reason why Wilde's "Salomé" should not have been as freely played in London as elsewhere. It is no more a daring or a wicked play than it is a great one. Its faults and merits are precisely those of the author and of the literary school to which he belonged. It breathes a kind of poetry whose charm fades almost as quickly as it attracts, and in the free theatre either a truly religious or a seriously critical public would have seen it, appraised it, and placed it on its repertoire for occasional representation. But as it is still under the ban, it runs through the entire theatre-going world in some illicit or sensational form, as grotesque dancing, as melodramatic opera, or as mere music-hall vulgarity. It is easy to degrade such a work, for, like so much of Oscar Wilde's poetic prose, it lacks the salt of sincerity. Its style is an affectation. Like most members of the decadent school, Wilde possessed what one of its critics calls "une aspiration de raffinés vers la simplicité," and yet all his Maeterlinckian devices of abruptness and repetition do not make "Salomé" simple. But though "Salomé" spoils a beautiful story, it is not itself devoid of beauty; though its atmosphere is exotic and stifling, it has a window or two that opens into the fresh air; though it handles words and things that are sacred, the touch does not want tenderness. And (need one add?) such delicacy of thought and feeling as it possesses may be realised with far greater ease by those who saw and heard "Salomé" as its author wrote it, and as the New Players rendered it at the Court Theatre, than by the patrons of fashionable opera or the amateurs of Miss Maud Allan.

"Wilde, like Disraeli" (writes Mr. Montague in his accomplished book of criticism, "Dramatic Values"), "showed a strain, perhaps irremediable, of second-

rateness in the craving of his imagination for curious, bedizened, exotic, or abnormal stuff to work on." In this spirit he took up the direct and intensely dramatic theme of Herod Antipas and John the Baptist, as, doubtless, he would have worked on the theme of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, if the idea had occurred to him, disdaining the severity of its outlines, and embroidering it with fantastic modern stuff in the minor motives of human nature. He does not work without imagination. He could guess an Eastern atmosphere, though it seemed necessary for him to give the Rose of Sharon a scent of the "Fleurs du Mal." He was dramatist enough to know that if he would imagine something more baleful than the figure of Herodias, he must fancy Salomé terrible too. He succeeded (with acknowledgments to Maeterlinck) in making John the Baptist talk, or seem to talk, after the manner of the great original. But in all these tasks Wilde was caught out—even as in the last cry of his sinking soul—by his want of moral seriousness and entire intellectual devotion. "Salomé" was written in French and should be read in French. But even in French the prophecies of John the Baptist grate not a little on the ear. The language of the Song of Solomon is beautiful, but it is not the beauty of the Apocalypse. Yet Wilde seemed to find no incongruity in blending them both on the Baptist's dying lips with a third and cheaper borrowing from a famous metaphor of John Bright. Not thus do the angels and saints in Tolstoy's short religious stories speak. They deliver their message and have done with it, and their creator, being preoccupied with its seriousness, makes them deliver it after the fashion of the saints of old. But Wilde wants color and atmosphere, and so John and Herod and Salomé must needs describe the tints of garments and the flashing of jewels and the carving of bows and such-like delights of the eye and the flesh. Nor could Wilde keep serious long enough to work out a definite dramatic conception. What is Salomé meant to be? Is her passion for the Baptist a mere tigerish prompting, hideous when awakened, venomous when repulsed? So an intelligent and interesting artist like Miss Adeline Bourne conceives it to be—to the horror of some critics who might have preferred her to play it as an *ingénue*, and who seemed to think that a creature who could compass another's death with delight would not scream and fight at the prospect of her own. But its author seems to tire of his picture in the act of painting it, and, withdrawing it substitutes another Salomé, whom the Baptist must have loved if he had looked on her, and to whom "le mystère de l'amour est plus grand que le mystère de la mort." Even Herod, with a foretaste of the coming agony, must have his joke about the King of Cappadocia, and the disputing Pharisees and Sadducees are by no means devoid of humor. But that, again, is not the searching, purposeful, ironic humor of "Sur la Pierre Blanche," or "Le Procureur de Judée," which deal, like "Salomé," with modern ideas of Christian story and teaching. It is the literary man's jest, the phrase-maker's self-conscious pleasure in his own cleverness. Wilde knew that he had the art of painting, of stage illusion, and he made his readers and spectators know that he knew it.

It is this dalliance with tragedy and beauty and morals which cuts Wilde and his school away both from the pure artists, like Keats, who are supremely moved by beauty, and the modern poet-critics, like Ibsen, who, when they take a time-honored theme, bind it strictly to the illuminative purposes of contemporary drama. "Salomé" is "beautifully written." Yes; but how shall it be played? Shall the artists think only or chiefly of the cadence of the sentences? In that case it had better be played in French. "Je baiserais ta bouche, Iokanaan," sounds better than "I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan"; and one can imagine that Wilde designed such phrases as—"elle est plus rouge que les pieds des colombes qui demeurent dans les temples et sont nourries, par les prêtres"—for lips trained in the house of Molière. On these lines the players must think that the author desired a sensuous more than a dramatic and moral

effect—that he wanted his audience to realise these exotic, yet half-savage, figures, and the luxurious drapery of language with which he clothes them, through the sort of opium-dream that the cultured modern person so easily evokes. It was on these lines, I am told, that the first performance of "Salomé" chiefly ran. The conception of the players at the Court Theatre on Monday and Tuesday was somewhat different. Miss Bourne tried to make Salomé a living creature, playing the character on the lines that Sarah Bernhardt would probably have chosen, and adding to the cooing approaches of the earlier scene the harsh furies of the woman scorned. Mr. Herbert Grimwood also represented Herod as a real man. Both these brilliant performances suffered not merely from the slight historic worth of the play, but from its deliberate picturesqueness—characteristics which did not interfere with Mr. Harcourt Williams's perfect sketch of the young Syrian. But they were distinguished, and often thrilling; nor did the kissing of the head of the Baptist, unseen in its charger, seem, in its literary relation to the rest of the play, as horrible as when it is made the main excuse for the representation.

H. W. M.

## Communications.

### MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A couple of weeks ago a series of resolutions were passed by the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury opposing (1) the re-marriage in Church of any divorced persons, (2) any extension of the grounds for divorce, (3) any attempt to increase the general facilities for divorce by the multiplication of Courts possessed of divorce jurisdiction.

The Bishop of London, in bringing forward these resolutions in support of the indissolubility of marriage, said the National Church desired "that the conscience of churchmen should be freed from what was an intolerable burden." To one who has, perhaps, exceptional opportunities of knowing the extent of hidden suffering and enforced degradation existing among women belonging to what is often termed "the respectable working-class," the more intolerable burden seems to be that which is laid on women by our law and custom.\*

Those who cannot reconcile their consciences with human needs are falling into the error of believing that man is made for marriage, and not marriage for man, a point of view inconsistent with the whole spirit of Christ's teaching. No one should be misled into the belief that to condemn divorce as "a sin," to call degradation a "hardship," to preach that the compulsory endurance of suffering is a "virtue," is to guard the sanctity of marriage and to refine goodness in the fire of pain. Stripped bare of illusion, such teaching means the sacrifice of women's self-respect and happiness, and the condonation of adultery in men. It means exalting the outward and visible bond at the expense of the inward and spiritual grace. It means preferring a nominal to a real sanctity of married life. It means destroying the power of choice, which is the essence of renunciation, and alone gives it value.

The question of divorce cannot be considered apart from that of marriage, for the attitude towards divorce depends on the view held of marriage and the relation of the sexes. Any right view of marriage will take into account women's growing sense of self-respect, entailing their full freedom, and an equal moral standard for men and women; it will rest on a finer consideration of the best interests of individuals and the home, and on the belief that society is

advanced by the inspiration and strength which result from right companionship; while, above all, it will be based on a truer understanding of the moral effects of freedom.

Women are fast awakening to a truer sense of the dignity of womanhood. They were shocked by such views as were expressed by the Archdeacon of Chichester in his Cathedral last May,\* and at those of Mr. Justice Bigham before the Divorce Commission. And it is as great a shock to find that the Bishop of Hereford alone, in Convocation, raised the question as to the moral effect of the inequality as regards divorce between men and women. Only a week ago, a working woman wrote to me as follows: "I told you how the husband of my friend had taken another woman into his house. Some months ago, he took a business in the country, ten miles from —. He promised his wife that he meant to make a fresh start. She believed him, and finally consented to go. When she got there, she found the other woman there —she had been living with him there a fortnight. The wife has gone home twice to her mother, but has gone back again because of the children. She has asked him to allow her something for the children, and let them live apart, but he will not. Do you think nothing can really be done in a case like this? She has taken advice, and is told she cannot do anything in it, unless he illtreats her. She is no relation of mine, but I have known her for years, and a harder working, more respectable woman cannot be found, but her life is perfectly miserable." Such a case brings home the obvious truth that the purity of the home means the purity of the husband as well as the wife. Even when infidelity is less staring, an outward appearance of unity is bought too dearly by accepting a different standard for men. Home life is a whitened sepulchre if built up on the dishonor of other women.

The most fundamental of all liberties, on which the dignity of womanhood depends, is the right of women to their own persons. There is deep ignorance and lack of consideration among men as to the effect on women's health, physical and mental, of their subordination. This state of things has been partly due to the belief in which women have been brought up, that they were carrying out a duty imposed by God, and to their mistaken endurance of a wrong. Nor is woman's bitter cry for her own personal rights alone. They stand for their children's rights as well. Women desire to bear sons and daughters only to men whom they love and honor.

As it is only through women's freedom that progress for both men and women and their children will come, all that may be entailed by women being free and responsible must be faced, not only by women, but by men, too. Some well-meaning men, anxious to be just to women, think that it would be disastrous to women, owing to physical disabilities, the rapid failure of youthful attractiveness, the difficulty of supporting themselves and their children, to loosen the marriage tie. But what is really disastrous is that, because of the way they are handicapped, women should be forced into what is, in truth, a desecration of marriage. Just as women have rebelled at the idea of an unmarried woman selling herself, so they are now rebelling at the thought that married relations should be based on economic necessity. This is leading them to seek out ways for solving their problems. These must be attacked by society, just as labor's problems are now being attacked. The independence and dignity of women's lives must no more be at the mercy of men, than those of the workers must be dependent on the good-will of employers.

The real sanctity of married life depends on mutual affection. If this is realised, there should be no hesitation in providing a way of escape from marriage ties which are

\* There is not room in this letter to give the facts on which this statement rests. But anyone who desires to know what our present law and custom are responsible for, can learn from the opinions and experience of the working women belonging to the Women's Co-operative Guild. A pamphlet dealing with their evidence before the Divorce Commission will shortly be published.

\* "It seems to me impossible to place women on the same level as men, in the matters which are before us now. It seems to me obvious that the State must suffer more by the immoral conduct of the wife than that of the husband. If that is so, the State is bound to put out the greater influence to deter the woman from immorality, than it exercises in the case of the man, and the unequal treatment of the man and woman in this matter rests upon a more noble basis than national expediency. Nature, i.e., God himself, laid on woman a heavier penalty for one particular sin than upon man, as a deterrent from immodesty and from the beginning of evil. And that being so, I regard as futile and insincere all attempts to treat man and woman as equal in matters concerning their union."



merely external and nominal, and when what is true and vital in marriage is gone. It is feared that this power of escape will be subversive of home and State. But experience and understanding of human nature show that freedom brings responsibility. To set free is often to bind more closely. Voluntarily to lay down all claim over another person may undermine rebellion and antagonism, and quicken love that has languished. If no happiness is within reach and separation is unavoidable, it will remove bitterness and hardness; or if love is wholly dead, it will bring a much-needed release.

It follows from the view I have been advocating that the most important grounds to include in the reform of our divorce law are mutual consent and serious incompatibility. It is useful to remember that, in adopting them, England would only be putting herself in line with other Protestant countries. In Norway the law on divorce is based on this view. Not only in Norway, but in Switzerland, Sweden, Belgium, Austria (for non-Catholic subjects), and Denmark, the mutual consent of both husband and wife, and in the first four countries, the continued and serious desire of either, is sufficient ground on which the State may sanction divorce. To prevent frivolous and hasty action, the law prescribes that a definite period of time should elapse before re-marriage. The law also safeguards the interests of children (the mother being considered *prima facie* the most suitable guardian of young children). In each case the Court decides on the questions of support and guardianship.

Most other grounds for divorce would fall into disuse if these were adopted. And we should need no public unveiling of private misery or disgrace, which by some people is held to be useful as a safeguard and vindication of the "innocent party," and as a deterrent from divorce. Publicity would not be needed to vindicate the "innocent." There would be no unreal division into the "innocent" and the "guilty," because divorce would no longer necessarily imply wrong-doing. The mere act of divorce would be looked on as a very grave misfortune, not as a sin. Nor should we wish to "deter" two people who seriously desire to leave a life which has lost the only thing which makes it a true marriage. A husband and wife would not obstinately desire to separate without reasons which had already parted them in fact if not in name. Should only one desire to go, the marriage relation is just as much destroyed; and the best interests of the other are not served by public opinion or law supporting a tie which entails a selfish claim or a lowering of self-respect.

Anyone who takes the responsibility of "detering" undertakes a very great responsibility. A woman has told me how she herself felt answerable for the suicide of a loved sister, because, "for the sake of the children" she had urged her to return to a man who had made her life a torture. Blindly cruel public opinion, Church doctrine, legal restraint, have been answerable for more misery and wrong than freedom would ever bring.

The only deterrent it is desirable to use is freedom. We need not fear that the majority would abuse such a gift, for the forces which bind married couples together—mere inertia, habit, the convenience and united interests of home life, the love of their children, common memories, the prevailing desire and effort to make the best of things, the sense of doing right towards another, even at the expense of personal happiness—are stronger and more common factors in life than disruptive selfishness. It sometimes seems to be thought that in opening a door of escape in case of need, we want to push everyone through, or that everyone will immediately rush through it. To increase facilities for divorce will have no effect on happy marriages, or on those married people who are getting on fairly well together. From a minority, an intolerable burden such as we have no right to lay on any human being will be lifted. In other cases, the fear of being left will stimulate a husband or wife to better behavior. No doubt there would be some who would take advantage of divorce in a base and selfish way, but these belong to a class which our present law does not now restrain, and the maintenance of hypocritical and unhappy marriages, with their consequences of immorality (strikingly seen in States where marriage is indissoluble), is of no advantage to individuals or society.—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES.

February 28th, 1911.

## Letters to the Editor.

### MR. CHURCHILL AND HIS CRITICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“You can know a man of genius,” said Swift, “when you see all the dunces against him.” And the dunces whom Swift had in mind were not the obvious fools, but the respectable and accredited mediocrities who move on steadily to churchwardenships or cabinet offices by safe adherence to the well-beaten paths.

If Swift was right, and I think he was, no man of our time bears the hall-mark he spoke of more conspicuously than Mr. Winston Churchill. All the forces of stupidity range themselves instinctively against him: they bristle up and growl at the mere suggestion of his name. A couple of small debates on details of Home Office administration illustrated last week this violent temperamental opposition. Both were concerned with questions of punishment; but in one the Home Office was arraigned for undue leniency, in the other for having condoned an excess in severity of chastisement. In the first case Lord Winterton wanted to know why Mr. Churchill, after visiting Pentonville prison, had used the prerogative to release certain prisoners before they had completed their terms of sentence. He suggested that the whole thing was done on a happy-go-lucky hazard, and that Mr. Churchill was exercising his powers to over-ride the judiciary. The Home Secretary explained, in reply, that he singled out the cases of juvenile prisoners then in the prison, had investigated all (forty of them), and in seven cases had remitted the unexpired period of the sentence, acting at once in cases where the sentence was very short, and where delay for consultation would largely nullify remission.

Part of his reply was in the tone of chaff; but surely it is not necessary to take Lord Winterton very seriously—and indeed some passages in his speech made it impossible to do so. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, however, thought otherwise. He got up, and, with a display of temper which in such a man was stupefying, scolded the Home Secretary for discourtesy, and then (as an example of manners) accused him of using the prerogative for the purpose of self-advertisement. It seemed to me that I had never listened to a more wanton affront, nor to a more grudging withdrawal than that which followed, after Mr. Churchill said he had never mentioned the matter to anyone outside the Home Office. And in truth Mr. Lyttelton was not in the least appeased. Forms had been slighted. Magistrates had not been consulted. A deserving and highly experienced body of men who gave their services for nothing would feel themselves insulted. He was all for clemency to juvenile offenders; but things must be done decorously. Yet Mr. Churchill had made it perfectly plain that his intention in acting had been to call the attention of Magistrates to his view of such sentences. He had deliberately proposed to administer a shock. Mr. Lyttelton evidently could not conceive it right to shock respectable persons in any circumstances whatever, or possible that a young man, inexperienced in administering the criminal law, should see clearer than meritorious magistrates.

Now, I do not believe that Mr. Lyttelton himself would sentence a lad who had never before been in jail to a fortnight's imprisonment because, after walking fourteen miles to look for work, and failing to get it, he had tried to travel home without a ticket. I do not believe he would justify sending a lad to jail for a month on a charge of loitering. But if such sentences are given by experienced and conscientious persons, he would never interfere—least of all, dramatically. He would not trust his own instincts, if they pointed to an unconventional action: and he is irritated out of all bounds of self-restraint by the spectacle of a man who does trust his own vision, and acts upon it.

That is Mr. Churchill's strong point. He is determined to see for himself—literally and metaphorically. He has imagination enough to realise what imprisonment means—it may be, as they say, that Mr. Galsworthy's play, “Justice,” helped his imagination. If so, it is characteristic of the man that he has not been afraid of seeming to be influenced by a stage play. He believes in his vision, no matter how arrived at; and he is wise enough to bring



his vision of the idea into contact with reality—with the concrete case. Then, having seen, he acts. He courts responsibility, he does not evade it by saying to himself that the men who gave these sentences have spent long years in the courts. Probably he realises the grim fact that a man set in such a position comes to measure out penalties as if he were selling tape. Use and wont make his ell-wand, and it is usual to give a month for loitering—that is, to give it to the poor. For Mr. Churchill has realised—has been able to see—another fact, that the custom of allowing an alternative fine means one law for the rich and another for the poor. None of the offenders whose sentences were remitted had done a thing inconceivable in the son of well-to-do parents; but it is inconceivable that the son of well-to-do parents should have been allowed to go to jail whether for using obscene language, loitering, or travelling without paying for a ticket, if the alternative of a fine was offered. Rich people know what the brand of imprisonment means for their own sons; they do not see that it means as much or worse for the poor. It is a question of humanity, common humanity, not of humanitarianism, and Mr. Churchill, in the second debate, had many of the humanitarians out against him. It was proved that in a certain reformatory very severe and sometimes unduly severe punishments were used. Sir Frederick Banbury was greatly scandalised because, in twenty-eight cases, boys had been permanently marked with the cane. Yet I think Sir Frederick Banbury was equally scandalised because Mr. Churchill had remitted in part the sentence of a month for loitering. What Mr. Churchill sees is that the mark on a boy's body does not very greatly matter; the mark on his reputation and on his soul matters intensely. Now it was admirably shown by Mr. Masterman that from this reformatory boys came in large proportion really reformed—able to take their place in life unmarked in character. The headmaster might have scarred the bodies of some of them, and undoubtedly he did wrong. But he had been more than commonly successful in obliterating far deeper and more significant scars from their lives. The matter was very fairly discussed, and Mr. Churchill got support from some opponents; but the usual charges of deliberate self-advertisement were brought. Yet it was precisely the case in which a more conventionally minded Home Secretary (especially of the Liberal Party with its humanitarian bias) might readily have yielded to popular outcry. Mr. Churchill's grip on the realities of things taught him which was the way of courage.

That is the quality which, to my thinking, makes this young statesman of infinite value to the nation. It is of service to his party too, yet he may very well make mistakes which will cost his party dear. But the nation may (in Stevenson's phrase) "thank God for the man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself." Very likely he would have been wiser not to go down to Stepney. But the same instincts which took him there—to see for himself—took him to Pentonville, where he used the prerogative of mercy to assert this principle—that you shall inflict no penalty on a poor lad which you would not for the same offence inflict upon a rich one; and that if you offer an alternative to imprisonment it shall be a real alternative, proportioned to the offender's ability. That is mere elementary justice, and yet it is justice which needs to be asserted, because neither cruelty nor fraud is the cause of most of this world's injustice, but stupidity alone. Mr. Churchill, with his faculty of insight, will be at war with stupidity all his life. But one thing is certain: he does not lack courage for the fight.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN GWYNN.

March 1st, 1911.

#### THE BASIS OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to reply to your correspondent, M. H. Mackworth, for it seems to me that one or two important points are always overlooked by Liberal supporters of the limited Woman's Franchise Bill. Let us assume that this Bill is passed through all its stages and receives the assent of the House of Lords, it could not possibly become operative until the end of this year, by which time the registration would be over. No female elector would consequently come on the register until January, 1913 (since she would need

to have complied with the present residential qualification of a year from the previous July). By that time we all hope that a Plural Voting Bill will also have passed, but that will necessitate so complete an overhauling and readjustment of all our electoral anomalies, that even Mr. Asquith, opponent though he be of Woman's Suffrage, recognises, and has admitted, that the next step in the direction of extension must mean virtual "manhood" suffrage. What I now want to ask the Liberal (and presumably Democratic) advocates of the Limited Woman's Franchise Bill is, are they prepared to accept manhood suffrage for men only, and consent to a restricted franchise for women, and, if so, on what grounds? (Surely the acceptance of the principle of sex-equality involves equal treatment when any electoral reform is introduced, otherwise the injustice to women and the emphasis on sex difference will be even greater than they are now?)

Practically, then, the position will be this. All men, without distinction of class or property, will be entitled to vote (subject to certain residential or other trivial qualifications involving no violation of the democratic principle), while only *some* women will be so entitled, and those by no means the women, who, if a vote is a weapon at all, need it most.

What is the democratic Liberal woman's answer to this? Is she afraid of a "woman's majority"? Then she is not a Suffragist on principle, but merely on grounds of expediency, and I would remind her of John Stuart Mill's words:—

"The majority of women of any class are not likely to differ in political opinion from the majority of men of the same class, unless the question be one in which the interests of women, as such, are in some way involved; and if they are so, women require the suffrage as their guarantee of just and equal consideration."

Is she afraid of democracy? Then she is no true Liberal.

Is she afraid of alienating the Conservative subscribers to her own particular Suffragist organisation? Then she should boldly say so, and appeal for funds to carry on a propaganda which, if she is consistent, is the only solution of the question, because none other is, or ever can be, final for any country so free and so democratic as England. If, on the other hand, the Liberal woman says, with M. H. Mackworth, that she should concentrate all her efforts on "getting her foot inside the door," and leave the fortunes of any future Reform Bill to chance, she is deliberately shutting her eyes to this fact, that the limited franchise is one of the best weapons against any such Bill that could be forged, and one, moreover, that the Conservatives desire above all else. If once the Tariff Reform League can secure votes for its women members, it can work with re-doubled energy and confidence at all by-elections, and keep back any further extension for more than a generation.

It is this grave danger to democracy that is really the point for Liberals, and it is because I believe that the full emancipation of womanhood is only possible under democracy that I reiterate my plea for a "People's Suffrage."—Yours, &c.,

ETHEL JONSON.

Batts Corner, Farnham, Surrey.

February 26th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Inaccurate reports of the deputation of the Trades Union Congress on electoral reform appeared in several papers, and it is from one of these that your correspondent, Mr. M. H. Mackworth, quotes. Mr. Clynes, who was the speaker, made it quite clear that in asking for adult suffrage he was asking for votes for all women as well as all men, and a correct report, which appeared in the "Manchester Guardian," showed that the Prime Minister in his answer referred to Mr. Clynes's mention of women. It is unfortunate that other papers should have done an injustice to Messrs. Clynes, Thorne, and Bowerman, who are all adult suffragists in the true and usual sense, and would of course carry out the resolution of their Congress.

As Mr. Keir Hardie is also quoted, may I give an extract from his speech at the demonstration in connection with the Annual Conference of the Labor Party:—

"The vote should be the inherent right of the human being, whether man or woman. He mentioned the matter

because he hoped they were not going to have the time of the House of Commons wasted with a Plural Voting Bill. The reason for dealing with reform piecemeal in the past had been that the House of Lords would throw out a big measure if it happened to pass the House of Commons. . .

. . . Let the whole subject, abolition of plural voting, reform of registration, adult suffrage, and the other parts of reform, be embodied in one measure, the Lords having no longer the power to permanently reject such a Bill."—Yours, &c.

ROSALIND NASH.

42, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.,  
February 28th, 1911.

#### THE HOME OFFICE AND THE SUFFRAGISTS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am at some loss in deciding to which of your complaints against the Conciliation Committee I shall reply. You criticise at once our delay and our haste—delay in producing our evidence against the police for their treatment of the Suffragists in November, and haste in publication. The delay was inevitable, for some of the more important witnesses were in prison for one or two months. Moreover, a Committee of members of Parliament could not be got together before February to consider the facts, and sanction the demand for an inquiry. If the publication of the memorandum six days after it had reached the Home Office was hasty, it was not so hasty as the Home Secretary's decision to refuse to receive a deputation from us, or to grant an inquiry. This decision was communicated to me on the day before our document appeared in the Press. In your further suggestion that we ought, instead of demanding an inquiry, to have prosecuted individual constables in the police-courts, you forget that ours is not a statutory body. We have no status which would enable us to prosecute. The women, indeed, might have taken that course. But this would have obscured in a vendetta against individuals the whole brunt of the charge. The entire tactical handling of the police was at fault. Moreover, the sort of evidence which would convince an impartial committee that the general conduct of the police had been amiss would not suffice to secure a verdict against an individual in a court. One might prove to the satisfaction of everyone in court, by photographs, medical evidence, and the testimony of reputable witnesses, that some of the police had grossly assaulted a particular woman; but it is much more difficult to establish the identity of the constable or constables who did it. Some witnesses took the numbers of the police, but did not know the names of the women. Others knew the women, but did not take the numbers of the police. A magistrate might be morally sure that such an assault had been committed, and yet hesitate to ruin for life a constable who chose to plead that he was at the other end of the Square at the time.

A careful reading of our memorandum will show you that you have misunderstood the passage which you particularly criticise. Much of the violence arose from the order which Mr. Churchill admits was given—"to refrain as far as practicable from making arrests." We are curious to discover in what form this order reached the men. Their whole conduct, and their replies to women or spectators who remonstrated with them, suggest that they believed themselves to be free to do as they pleased, that none of them would be censured for what they might do, and that it was their duty to give the women a lesson. Hence the blows, the pummelling, the twisting of arms, and the bending back of thumbs, not to mention the grossly indecent handling. There is no suggestion in our memorandum that the Home Office gave any other order than the order to refrain from arrests—which was in effect an order to struggle with the women. There is, however, a question whether "any verbal orders (which may or may not have been correctly understood) were given by any of the men's superiors by way of supplement to the general order." How, in short, did the impression arise that it was a day of license? Did any of the men's officers paraphrase the order as they communicated it to the rank and file?

I am frankly puzzled by your attitude in this matter. On the same page, in discussing the reformatory scandal, you say that "a freer body than a Departmental Committee" ought to make the inquiries, and you boldly

announce that "the Home Office is on its trial." Yet you are content that Mr. Churchill, "in one way or another," shall look into the conduct of the police, while you treat our criticism of the Home Office (which you misunderstand) as a sort of treason. Why is the Home Office open to attack when it is responsible for boys, but above all suspicion in its dealings with women?—Yours, &c.,

March 1st, 1911.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

[Our impression was that the suggestion of the memorandum was that a go-as-you-please verbal order to the police emanated from the Home Office. Mr. Brailsford informs us that he did not desire to convey such an impression. We accept his statement, but we think that nine out of ten readers of his memorandum would have come to our conclusion as to the meaning of the sentences in question. Is it conceivable that so grave a matter of public policy could be settled by a police official? Does the Conciliation Committee—or that part of it which approved of the memorandum—seriously think that it could? As to our attitude to the Home Office in the two matters referred to, they are quite distinct in character. It is one thing to think that it can order the police to brutalise women so as to be rid of an inconvenient question of street discipline (or that it can wink at such an order) and quite another to think that its inspectorship of reformatory schools may call for a drastic reform.—ED., *NATION*.]

#### CHURCH AND STATE MARRIAGE LAW.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—No one proposes "to compel the clergy to solemnise marriages not recognised by the as yet unaltered law of the Church"—by which Mr. Hill appears to mean the Table of Kindred and Affinity printed at the end of the Prayer Book: a clause in the recent Act of Parliament legalising certain marriages which fall under this head secures their conscience in this respect. The relation of a Bishop to his Chancellor and to the granting of licences stands on another footing; and raises points of law which cannot be discussed here. The real question, however, is not whether these marriages shall, or shall not, be solemnised in church—were this all, a compromise might be arrived at—but, as the Bannister case shows, whether persons who have contracted them shall be excluded from communion on that account. And here, more particularly in an Established Church, there can be no compromise; the higher conscience—that of the community as a whole—must prevail over that of the backward section of the community, which calls itself (by a fundamental misconception of the meaning of the term) the Church.

In this connection there is too much loose talk, on the one hand, about the supposed obligations of a State Church, and, on the other, about Erastianism. With regard to the first, all citizens, Churchmen and Nonconformists alike, are equally subject to the law. The courts, when it is necessary, interpret and enforce the contract under which a Dissenting minister discharges his functions no less than they do the Acts of Parliament which regulate the status of a clergyman of the National Church. In each case circumstances might arise under which disobedience to the law would be a duty. But such circumstances are, and are likely to remain, exceptional. And the reason why the general conscience is predisposed to blame persons who come into conflict with the law under pretext of religion is not that they are law-breakers—this might conceivably be of obligation—but that, ordinarily, the law is right and they are wrong. It is so here. Morality is progressive. The conscience of to-day forbids actions which that of the seventeenth century approved: so excellent a man as Andrewes saw nothing shocking in the burning of two Arians under James I. It also permits actions which that of the seventeenth century condemned; such as marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and a certain facilitation of divorce. It is important that we should not take a merely legal, or technical, view of the conflicts which may arise between these two consciences. Convocation says one thing; the law another. The reason for siding with the law rather than with Convocation is not that the law can, in the long run, enforce obedience and Convocation cannot—this would be a very bad reason—but that, morally, the law is right and Convocation wrong.



With regard to the second, Establishment—which does not mean only, or even chiefly, Endowment—limits autonomy. Were it not so, it would be the establishment of a sect—an obvious injustice to the sects that are not established. An Established Church rests on a broader basis than a sect. It is, and must be, national. It is established, not because it teaches a particular theology, and possesses, or claims to possess, a particular succession, but because it represents the best mind and conscience of the community—the working (in philosophical language) of reason, (in religious) of the Spirit in the world and in men. When it ceases to do this, when it reflects a sectional mind and a denominational conscience, the sufficient reason for its establishment is gone.

This, the historical English view of the relation between Church and State, is challenged by a very zealous, a very persistent, and very energetic, section of Churchmen, with a singular gift of advertisement, and a singular capacity for wire-pulling. The general apathy of moderate men and of public opinion at large, in the face of its increasing prominence in the Church, is one of the most curious features of modern life. But this apathy cannot permanently overcome the incompatibility of its dualistic theory of Church and State with that sounder view on which the National Church rests, and by which alone the existence of a National Church can be justified. This Church, wrote Warburton, in 1760, “like the ark of Noah, is worth saving, not for the sake of the unclean beasts and vermin that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamor in it, but for the little corner of rationality that was as much distressed by the stink within as by the tempest without.”—Yours, &c.,

February 28th, 1911. A LIBERAL CHURCHMAN.

## UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE LAND QUESTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A perusal of the article on “The State and the Right to Work,” which appears in such a leader of advanced Liberalism as is *THE NATION*, will leave on the minds of many a feeling of disappointment bordering on despair. To read the article would really lead one to think that for *THE NATION* there is no connection between the question of Unemployment and the Land Question; no connection between idle acres and idle men. While suggesting many causes and remedies for unemployment, not even the most distant hint is thrown out that the main cause is locked up land, and the most radical remedy is, therefore, to unlock it.

I am not an optimist, but make bold to say that when the valuation of land is completed, were we to use it as the basis of taxation instead of taxing industry, as we now do, more would be done to open up land, both in town and country; and, therefore, to cut at the root of unemployment than by any other step it is possible for the State to take.—Yours, &c.,

W. R. LESTER.

Clifton Lodge, Biggleswade, Beds.

[The article in question does not negative Mr. Lester's view.—ED., *NATION*.]

## THE CORONATION EXHIBITION AT THE WHITE CITY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As Honorary President, President, and Chairman of the Coronation Exhibition, which will be held at the White City, Shepherd's Bush, from May to October next, in celebration of the Coronation of His Majesty King George V., we desire on behalf of the Grand Council, numbering over 2,000 distinguished representatives of the Empire, including more than half the Members of both Houses of Parliament, to bring the Exhibition under the notice of British merchants and manufacturers.

The Exhibition will demonstrate the resources of the Mother Country and of Greater Britain beyond the Seas, and may be termed an Imperial “stock-taking” at the commencement of the new reign.

A proportion of the receipts—guaranteed under no circumstances to be less than £5,000—will be contributed to the Mansion House Fund for a National Memorial to King Edward, and it is believed that it will reach a much larger sum than this minimum.

No locality in the whole of His Majesty's Dominions could be better adapted for such a commemoration than the Great White City at Shepherd's Bush, with its magnificent fire-proof palaces and pavilions, its beautiful gardens and lakes, and its unrivalled facilities of access from all parts of the Metropolis and of the three Kingdoms.

The Franco-British and the Japan-British Exhibitions were frequently visited by the late and present King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family and by many millions of persons from all parts of the world, thus showing how strongly public opinion has accepted and appreciated the Great White City as the most central site in London for exhibitions of the first magnitude and importance.

The palaces of the White City are being rapidly converted into a microcosm of the picturesque and historical portions of the British Dominions. The visitor will see in a space of one hundred and fifty acres the most interesting spots of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, India with Burmah, Canada, Australia with Papua, New Zealand, South Africa, Ceylon, Singapore, Hong Kong, Borneo, British East and West Africa and Uganda, Somaliland, and other Crown Colonies and Protectorates, as well as Gibraltar and Malta.

Many eminent artists are engaged on a realistic presentation of the whole Empire, and the scenes will be rendered specially instructive by representations of the various crafts and industries of His Majesty's realm.

The wonderful success of the Franco-British and the Japan-British Exhibitions, and the substantial increase in our trade with France and Japan resulting therefrom, have shown how far-reaching are the effects of such national displays, and point to the great opportunity which is now afforded to our own manufacturers during this Coronation year of extending commerce within the Empire.

It is being more and more recognised that a very large amount of orders at the present time go to foreign countries for goods which could be produced in as great, or even greater, perfection in some part of our own Dominions.

This Exhibition at the White City will demonstrate, what a vast number of people have not yet realised, the practical as well as beautiful work which is now being executed within the limits of our own Empire.

We are constantly hearing of the good results which follow from Exhibitions in foreign countries, and how Governments are nationally well repaid for any support they may accord to these enterprises. This Coronation Exhibition, we feel assured, is destined to lead not only to a great extension of commerce, but also to an increase of good-will among the various peoples and races of which the British Empire is composed.

Possessors of objects of historical or national interest are earnestly invited to contribute them to the Loan Section of the Exhibition, which we desire to make as comprehensive as possible.—Yours, &c.,

TECK, Honorary President.

NORTHCOTE, President.

BLYTH, Chairman of the Council.

Exhibition Offices, Shepherd's Bush,  
London, W.

## Poetry.

### THE WILLOW.

(TO A GIRL POET.)

THERE stands a willow by a stream  
In pensive green and silver grace,  
Quiet she stands, as in a dream;  
Save when the breezes dart and chase  
The ripples, and the rushes quiver,  
She stoops and kisses her own face  
Reflected in the flowing river.

So when you turn your eyes our way,  
Moved by a little thoughtful wind,  
You see about you every day  
The dawnlit Eden of your mind  
Where many lovely shadows pass,  
Since you in us your beauty find:  
The world is but your looking-glass.

SYLVIA LYND.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Sir William Butler: An Autobiography." (Constable. 16s. net.)

"Mysticism, A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness. By Evelyn Underhill. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

"The New Social Democracy: A Study for the Times." By J. A. Harley. (P. S. King. 6s. net.)

"The Danger Zone of Europe: Changes and Problems in the Near East." By H. Charles Wood. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Justice and Happiness." By W. Benett. (Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Capture in War on Land and Sea." By Hans Wehberg. With an introduction by J. M. Robertson, M.P. (P. S. King. 5s. net.)

"Truth in Religion: Studies in the Nature of Christian Certainty." By Dugald Macfadyen. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

"Pot au Feu." By Marmaduke Pickthall. (Murray. 6s.)

"Ce que mes yeux ont vu." Par Arthur Meyer. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

"Les Philosophes et la Société Française au XVIII<sup>e</sup> Siècle." Par M. Roustan. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)

"Etudes Critiques sur la Vie et l'Œuvre de Christophe Colomb." Deuxième Série. Par Henry Vignaud. (Paris: Welter. 10fr.)

"L'Angleterre Moderne, son Evolution." Par Louis Cazamian. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)

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THE book-lover has few more delightful occupations than sitting with his feet on the fender and fingering a volume of essays on books and their authors. Unfortunately for him, literary essays are frowned upon by most publishers, and books which treat of books are not so plentiful as he would wish. One such volume, having the alluring title, "Recreations of a Book-Lover," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It is by the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, and can be had at the reasonable price of half-a-crown. Mr. Macdonald's recreations, as a glance at "Who's Who" tells us, are "those of a book-lover." In the volume just issued he permits us to share these recreations in his company, a privilege which many readers will enjoy. He begins, as is proper, with some good advice in the shape of four letters to a friend on books and reading. Mr. Macdonald's friend had confessed that "business" had taken from him the disposition, and even lessened the power, to read serious books. Mr. Macdonald very sensibly replies that, while setting a high value on the knowledge of books, he is "well aware that there may be strong, and even trained, intelligence apart from it." We are grateful to Mr. Macdonald for that remark. It shows he belongs neither to that irritating class who contend that all knowledge of life can be got out of books, nor to the equally exasperating type which denies that books give any knowledge at all of life. Reading is experience at second-hand, but there are many experiences which few would care for at first-hand, and many others which most people are forced to enjoy "by deputy."

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MR. MACDONALD's letters of guidance to his friend naturally betray some of his own leanings. Like Mr. Birrell, he has a passion for Hazlitt—the favorite author of many bookish men. "Who else can give you so much strong, sane criticism of English writers? Where is Hazlitt's superior as a book-lover, as a taster and judge of all prose and verse? English literature was the supreme object of his interest and regard. He sacrificed much to it, making a dismal failure of life in some very important respects; but as a man of letters, student, critic, and essayist, he remains one of the strongest and ablest writers of the early nineteenth century." But Hazlitt is much more than a guide to English literature. He treats of a great variety of subjects, and says something suited to nearly every mood. His account, for example, of the fight between Tom Hickman and Bill Neate is the best description of a prize-fight ever penned. In graver vein he has discoursed admirably on the fear of death, on the conduct of life, on the love of the country, and on religious hypocrisy. As Mr. Birrell puts it, he is always interesting, and always writes about really interesting things. "The very titles of his essays make your mouth water."

Two of the best essays in Mr. Macdonald's collection were called forth by William Allingham's "Diary," and examine Allingham's attitude to Rossetti and Carlyle. Allingham was himself a true poet, though he finds few readers to-day. His anthology, "Nightingale Valley," was overshadowed by Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," which appeared a few months later, but his "Book of Ballads" has been included in the "Golden Treasury Series," and is prized by those who care for our ballad literature. Speaking of the friendship between Allingham and Rossetti, Mr. Macdonald dwells upon the extraordinary fascination which Rossetti had for all who met him. Mr. Macdonald has a personal recollection of the days when Rossetti was "undisputed sovereign of the group of which he was the central personality." It numbered Burne-Jones, Madox Brown, Swinburne, William Morris, and other men whose temperament was not inclined to discipleship. Yet Rossetti dominated them all. "He was," says Mr. Macdonald, "among his fellows as a man born to rule, exercising his sovereignty, it might be lazily and languidly, but with no thought of resistance on the part of any one concerned."

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THERE is little doubt that books on the French Revolution are welcomed, not only by students of the period, but by a large body of general readers. Each publishing season brings us a fair number, and in former issues we have mentioned several that appear on the spring lists of announcements. To those may be added the biographies of two heroines of the Revolution, whose lives, if not edifying, are, at any rate, full of interest. Under the title of "A Queen of Shreds and Patches," Mr. John Lane has in the press a translation, by Mr. J. Lewis May, of M. Gastine's book on Madame Tallien, the famous beauty. M. Gastine plays the part of devil's advocate, and aims at showing that Madame Tallien has no claim to the nobility of temper and of feeling with which she is sometimes credited. He takes the view that no one in the history of the Revolution merited canonisation so little, and describes her as an utterly unmoral woman without heart or soul.

\* \* \*

THE other book tells the story of Carlyle's "brownlocked, light-behaved, fire-hearted Demoiselle Théroigne," and will be published by Messrs Stanley Paul. Its author, "Frank Hamel," has written a biography of Emile du Châtelet, and in Théroigne de Méricourt she has another good subject. There was in her something of Anatole France's Maniflore, the lady who inspired Bidault-Coquille in the affair of the eighty thousand trusses of hay, but her personality and her powers of oratory had an undoubted influence, and her insanity, following on the public whipping she received from Marat's followers on the terrace of the Feuillants, gives her something of tragic dignity.

\* \* \*

MR. ALEXANDER PATERSON's "Across the Bridges," to be published by Mr. Edward Arnold, is a study of social life in South London, intended as an introduction to the whole social problem for those who know little of the poor, and would be unlikely to take up a specialised text-book. Mr. Paterson has lived for more than eight years in block buildings, has worked in men's and boys' clubs, spent an evening every week for four years in a common lodging-house, taught in an elementary school, and served as a Probation Officer at the Police Court and on the Borstal Association, so that he has a first-hand knowledge of his subject.

\* \* \*

UNDER the title of "The Modern Criminal Series" Mr. Heinemann is about to publish a number of books on the science of criminology, selected from the mass of European works on the subject. Among those arranged for are "Modern Theories of Criminality," by Dr. Bernaldo de Quirós, of Madrid; "Criminal Psychology," by Dr. Hans Gross; "Crime, Its Causes and Remedies," by the late Professor Lombroso; "The Individualisation of Punishment," by M. Raymond Saleilles; and "Penal Philosophy," by Professor Tarde.

\* \* \*

MR. J. LEWIS PATON is writing a biography of his father, the Rev. Dr. J. B. Paton, of Nottingham. He would be grateful for the loan of letters and documents bearing on his father's life and work. They should be sent to 22, Forest-road West, Nottingham.

## Reviews.

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arity, "of the common fatherland composed of all the fatherlands," of faith in the future of humanity. That ideal can and must be preserved.

In M. Loisy's opinion instruction in the history of religions would help in its preservation. A knowledge of the history of religions is the best antidote to the two fanaticisms. It would make impossible the notion that religion has been altogether an evil or a mere illusion. It would show how great a part religion has played in human history, and what benefits it has conferred on mankind, in spite of the harm that it has often done. It must be recognised, as M. Loisy recognises, that the great majority at least of the boys in the French public schools will, if they have been brought up as Catholics, eventually abandon their belief. The crisis, he holds, should be anticipated and provided for, but never precipitated. Nor should the belief ever be combated; a heavy responsibility is incurred by those who abruptly destroy the beliefs of the young. All that should be done is to give an instruction which will enable the inevitable crisis to be passed without irreparable loss:—

"Si j'écrivais un manuel d'histoire des religions, je voudrais qu'un enfant de moyenne intelligence, entre douze et quinze ans, pût le lire sans être troublé dans sa foi, et que le même, entre vingt et vingt-cinq ans, esprit et caractère formés, pût venir me dire: 'Maitre, ami vrai, toutes les fois que je vous ai relu, j'ai pensé vous comprendre davantage; vous n'avez pas diminué en moi l'idéal humain que me suggérait la religion; peut-être m'avez-vous aidé à le mieux entendre et à l'aimer pour lui-même, tout en m'instruisant sagement à voir les choses religieuses dans leur réalité, non dans le mirage de la foi.'"

It is to be hoped that M. Loisy will write that manual. The pupil who had been instructed by it could not, as he says, complain of having been deceived; he would have a real conception of the object of religion apart from a particular belief; he would understand that his teachers had never had the "absurd and immoral" pretension of replacing the positive faith of his childhood by "another faith, purely negative, empty and sterile." He would not be so foolish as to despise his old beliefs nor tempted to hate the Church, "sa vieille nourrice."

But is it possible to write a neutral manual of the history of religions, which shall be neither Christian nor anti-Christian? M. Loisy is convinced that it is, and his arguments are clear and telling. There is no space to deal with them at length here; the whole chapter must be read. To show how perfect neutrality may be observed, even in regard to so thorny a subject as the origins of Christianity, he quotes a passage from Mgr. Duchesne's "Histoire ancienne de l'Eglise," a work published with the Vatican imprimatur. It would be difficult to state the facts with more perfect impartiality than they are stated by Mgr. Duchesne, and nobody (except, perhaps, Dr. Drews) could take exception to the statement. M. Loisy also cites the example of a Catholic professor, now dead, who, having been accused of contradicting the Bible because he had said that life would probably disappear from the earth on account of its gradual cooling, replied that he had spoken only of what was likely to happen from natural causes; he knew nothing about any possible intention on the part of God to destroy the world by fire. The same professor was accustomed to say, in regard to the deluge, "Je n'ai pas à en parler. Si le déluge est arrivé, il n'a laissé aucune trace et il est pour notre science comme inexistant."

Of course, if neutrality is to be taken in the extreme negative sense already mentioned, the teaching of religious history would be even more difficult than that of other subjects, but it is quite compatible with neutrality reasonably understood. M. Loisy does not suggest that the time is yet ripe for the teaching of religious history in all the public schools, but he believes that that time will come, and, meanwhile, he urges parents and others to make a beginning.

#### FRANCIS THOMPSON AND SOME OTHERS.\*

"EYES OF YOUTH," a collection of lyrics, by Francis Thompson, and ten of the younger living poets, for the most part not yet grown into any considerable reputation,

\* "Eyes of Youth: a Book of Verse." With a foreword by Gilbert K. Chesterton. Herbert and Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.

nor probably into full creative power, may be looked on not merely as a book of pleasant poems (which it certainly is), but also, perhaps, as an attempt to prove some of the qualities of the verse which is being made to-day. We must not, however, inquire too nicely into the purport of such a volume as this. It is no doubt tempting to ask why these ten living poets here appear under the leadership of Francis Thompson; is this merely an accident, or are we to see in it some admission of influence? The preface warns us, quite unnecessarily, against putting down the ten living contributors to "Eyes of Youth" as forming or belonging to a "school" of Francis Thompson. Poetry does not fall into "schools" as easily as painting; and a brief glance at this book would show anyone that neither conscious nor unconscious imitation of Thompson's poetic manner runs through it. Still, there does crop up in it now and then a certain similarity to Thompson in the way of motive, especially in religious motive. But one may easily make too much even of this; and criticism will do wiseliest to find Francis Thompson only responsible for the poems which are given under his name.

These poems are four in number, and they are described as "early"; but we are not told what precisely is meant by that. Thompson's first book was published fairly late in his life, and it is usually understood that the writing of it came only a year or two before its publication. Do these "early" poems, then, belong to the same period, the period of his first release from the stupor of his deadly misery in London; were they omitted from the first book simply because Thompson, for some reason or other, did not care to place them beside "The Hound of Heaven" and the "Corymbus for Autumn"? Or may we really date them much earlier; may we regard them as work done considerably before the first full utterance of his marvellous faculty? The point is not unimportant; for in no poet has the formative period been so mysterious and obscure as in Francis Thompson. That first book of his astonished the good critics, and confounded the bad ones, by the fact that its author had, without any apparent development, without the least trace of any tentative essaying, invented for himself an extraordinarily individual, and, in spite of much loose talk about seventeenth-century influence, an absolutely new poetic style. And we now know that this elaborate, allusive manner, was, in fact, not the result of patient study, practice, and effort, but had gradually grown, almost unexpressed, to its full power during long dark years of terrible physical hardship and mental oppression; when he was at last set free, there the manner was, perfect and complete within his brain, ready to answer to his spirit's control. Now these four early poems are distinctly marked by Thompson's characteristic phrasing and turn of thought. The style in them has neither grown to the gorgeous complexity or the clear simplicity which Thompson afterwards used with equal mastery; but it is unquestionably the forerunner of his perfected style. And if we knew the approximate date of the composition of these poems, we might have a valuable index to the way Thompson's manner developed.

But apart from all such considerations, we should be grateful for the publication of these four poems, which is more than can be said for most discoveries of a poet's early work. Three of them are touched with rare beauty, and they are all wrought with intense and subtle workmanship. It is useless to pretend that a great deal of the pleasure we take in these poems does not come from recognising in them strains of familiar music and thought. Even the poetically unimportant "Passion of Mary" is quite redeemed for any lover of Francis Thompson by the characteristic note of its last verse:—

"Bitter the bread of our repast;  
Yet doth a sweet the bitter leaven:  
Our sorrow is the shadow cast  
Around it by the light of Heaven."

And something more than intrinsic beauty moves us in the exquisite tune and delicate chain of conceits in this passage from the poem supposed to be spoken by the drowned Shelley:—

"And though I toss upon my bed,  
My dream is not disquieted;  
Nay, deep I sleep upon the deep,  
And my eyes are wet, but I do not weep;



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And I fell to sleep so suddenly  
That my lips are moist yet—could'st thou see—  
With the goodnight draught I have drunk to thee.  
Thou can'st not wipe them; for it was Death  
Damped my lips that has dried my breath.  
A little while—it is not long—  
The salt shall dry on them like the song."

But certainly the beauty of that is irresistible without any familiar quality in it; and the grave richness of the splendid "Arab Love Song" and the sharper sweetness of "Threatened Tears" must undoubtedly give these verses a place in English poetry, quite irrespective of their authorship. It is not the Thompson of the spacious imagery and the Pindaric fury that we find in these four early poems; but neither do we find in them any fantastic Latinism and far-fetched metaphor that so often break the splendor of his greatest poems. Rather we recognise in them the hardly less wonderful, though less astonishing, poet who wrote "Daisy" and "The Poppy." Now that they have been published, these four poems, or at any rate three of them, must certainly be included in any further edition of Thompson's works; and it is to be hoped that, if the poet's papers contain any more similar treasures, the world may have the use of them.

Though we have refused to see in the ten living contributors to "Eyes of Youth" anything in the nature of a Francis Thompson coterie of poets, we may yet permissibly regard their part in the book as an attempted proof, for those who will receive it, that poetry of individual distinction is being made to-day by some who are still far from any general reputation. On the whole, they must be congratulated on the quality of the proof; but its success, unfortunately, must depend not simply on its cogency, but on the state of the minds to which it is addressed. And nothing is harder than to convince the average person that his own immediate time is in any way remarkable for the promise shown by its younger poets. You may easily catch a cultured person who will admit the probable lasting virtues in the work of Mr. Bridges or Mr. Yeats; he may even, if you are lucky, include Mr. Sturge Moore and Mr. Doughty. But these are not men of the younger generation, he will say; who is there "coming on," likely to stand where these now stand? It would not be much use to present such an one with a copy of "Eyes of Youth." Those who believe that we have not yet reached poetical bankruptcy will find their belief soundly confirmed by this volume; but the prejudice in the average cultured mind against poetry of the younger generation needs to be astonished if it is to be conquered; and the proof here put forward by these ten younger poets is nothing that can be called astonishing. Only two of them, and they are the best known, Mr. Padraic Colum and Mr. Shane Leslie, show any conspicuous individual talent, but the work of the remaining eight has undoubted distinction, and seems to exhibit the operation of a very wholesome æsthetic spirit.

Both Mr. Colum and Mr. Leslie contribute poems which are characteristic of the Irish movement, not only in the purity and clarity of their diction, but also in the curious bracing hardness, the entire lack of sentimentality, in their matter. There are not many single memorable lines in their poems, though one is hardly likely to forget Mr. Colum's allusion to "hair bright as the breast of an eagle when he strains up to the sun." Mr. Colum's two "Arab Songs" are, next to Francis Thompson's poems, probably the best things in the book; they are both extremely fine, written in vigorous heady metre, and carefully designed to lead up to a ringing final line which condenses all that has gone before. The same poet's translation of a Gaelic song repeats, with a difference, Wither's famous exclamation, "What care I how fair she be?" Mr. Colum's Irish version is, characteristically, hard and serious where the English poet is flippant and half-pathetic; but the Irish is less perfectly lyrical than the English. Mr. Shane Leslie's most remarkable quality is his knack of putting unusual and daring thought into metrical tunes of naïve simplicity. In one song he expects some day to hear the newsboys in Fleet Street crying out that doomsday has arrived; in another, he dreams the triumph of the evil powers over the good; and the effect of such matter is, with rare artistic instinct, rendered quite startling by the charming innocence of the rhythm into which it is wrought.

In his other poems, Mr. Leslie shows a bitter humor side by side with religious conviction expressed with much sweetness.

Religion dominates the work of the remaining contributors to "Eyes of Youth." Of these we must speak generally; and it is the more possible to do so since, as we have said, an æsthetic spirit common to all is more notable in them than any individual talent. The best of these poems are written by members of that family to whom, it is pretty well known, Francis Thompson addressed most of his personal poems; and in Mr. Francis Meynell especially, to whom belongs some of Thompson's noblest music, we must welcome a poet capable of fine things—one of his lyrics, "Mater Inviolata," being a quite remarkable mingling of brilliant paradox and pure poetry. But it is the spirit common to these poets which we are most disposed to welcome; and that is a spirit of intense and passionate sincerity. One of their number, Mrs. Lindsay, spoils what might have been a good poem by a rash ingenuity of phrasing; but, on the whole, the sincerity which animates these writers forbids all facile curiosity of workmanship, though, of course, it easily allows the poet's vital delight in words. A determination to express poetic thought in terms of the purest possible beauty leaves no room for searching out mere ornament; and it is this ardent spirit of sincerity which forms the most conspicuous promise in "Eyes of Youth."

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Dr. Moberly may be described as a pre-Tractarian High Churchman. He had neither Roman nor medieval leanings; neither in teaching nor in ritual had he any wish to go beyond the Prayer-Book as it stands. But he held strongly to the points both of discipline and doctrine which distinguish the English Church from the other Reformed Churches; for him they were not secondary matters due to the particular course taken by the Reformation in this country, but essential features of a Church after the mind of Christ. This was not the view of the English Reformers; neither was it that of such representative Anglican divines as Hooker and Chillingworth. The contention of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" is not that Episcopacy is necessary, but that it is not unlawful, as the extreme Puritans held. But it is an opinion which appeared in the English Church before the end of the reign of Elizabeth; and, as an argument against Puritanism, it was too serviceable to be easily let go. It must be admitted, also, that an uncritical study—and no other was then possible—of the Fathers of the first four centuries went far to support it; hence the Puritan hostility to tradition, and reliance on Scripture alone. The Puritan principle was vicious: but, as things were, to use it was to arrive *per errorem ad veritatem*; the sounder method led, with few exceptions, to a conclusion wider of the truth. The drawback to this distinctly Anglican theory of the Church was that it left its adherents isolated in Christendom—*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*. The Church of Rome would have nothing to say to them; and they would have nothing to say to other Protestants; the English Church was like a middle-class family which the county will not acknowledge, but which holds itself apart from the town. Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, it is said, once found himself in a

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railway carriage with the Roman Catholic Bishop Ullathorne. "I think we are both bishops," said Wilberforce, in his most ingratiating tone. Ullathorne, who had been a cabin boy in early life, retained a certain nautical directness. "I am a bishop," was his uncompromising reply.

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It was into this atmosphere that Moberly was thrown when, in 1835, he became Headmaster of Winchester. Except on Church questions, he was a Liberal—"an inconsistent Liberal," he used to call himself—though his friends for the most part were of the opposite camp. He had been, by what he counted a singular good fortune, at Balliol; he had known and admired Arnold; and was himself a reforming headmaster, though—it was before the day of the new Governing Bodies—his power was limited by the higher authority of the Warden and Fellows. The position was in many respects a difficult one. "Sometimes (he said) he thought that they resented his Balliol origin, his Liberal views, and his friendship with Mr. Keble. In that direction also he was not completely at ease, and often realised that he was disappointing his Hursley friends, and those at Otterbourne as well, by his inability to agree with them on all points." Keble, indeed, had from the first identified himself with the Tract movement to a very much greater extent than Moberly was ever able to do. He was by tradition and temperament a Church and State man, and took the High Tory view of University reform, of the admission of dissenters, the opening of fellowships to laymen, and the gradual abolition of tests. Moberly's Churchmanship was of a larger type. He was

"hopeful as to the general movement of things and also as to the ultimate religious feeling of England. The elder man belonged more entirely to the older conditions: the younger one to the time of transition, though it was difficult enough for him, at that date, to see the trend of events."

The Kebles, however, if they had the narrowness of their generation, possessed also its vigorous understanding. They were "very stern at anything which seemed to them foolish; and their tone of marked disapproval on hearing of a delicate girl who insisted on going to an early celebration against advice made a great impression, as did the grave voice in which they said, 'it is not even commonsense.' A certain great lady they spoke of as 'a very pious goose.'"

As Bishop of Salisbury (1869-1885) Dr. Moberly opposed Archbishop Tait's "Public Worship Regulation Act" (1874). This, however, was due to no sympathy with Ritualism—"I cannot go in for the modern Romanising doctrines," he wrote in 1873—but to distrust of the temper and efficacy of the somewhat flamboyant measures taken against it—a distrust which the course of events has gone far to justify. On the question of the Athanasian Creed he did not act with the militant High Churchmen, and incurred not a little obloquy on that account; the fact was that he was not, and had never been, a party man. The formalities preparatory to the resignation of his See were all but completed when death took him, July 6th, 1885:—

"Peace and devotion," writes Miss Yonge, "grew with the increasing feebleness of the outward man, and, so gently that the stages do not mark themselves, were the bonds loosed till the good white head was laid low, and one of the most precious of friendships closed for this life."

## A PLEA FOR THE NEEDLE.\*

"PRAY, Mr. Spectator, take the laudable mystery of embroidery into your serious consideration." The exhortation, uttered two centuries ago, applies with peculiar force to the present generation. Embroidery, that august and venerable accomplishment, is fading from the modern home. Young ladies converse more readily of politics than *appliquée*, and in the drawing-room the sampler is nearly as obsolete as the sword. Yet only a shallow mind would speak contemptuously of the tambour frame. Embroidery has a great tradition. A simpler and more universal implement than the brush or pen, the needle pierces direct into the very soul of history. A Landseer picture worked in Berlin wool epitomises the ideals of the early Victorian age, whilst the true emotional conception of that dry fact, the Norman Conquest, is only to be found in the great textile poem of the fair Synthesists of Bayeux. Queens, as we learn from Miss Jourdain's "English Secular Embroidery," have ever been notable needlewomen. Margaret, the Anglo-Saxon queen of Malcolm of Scotland, and Edith, wife of Edward the Confessor, were enthusiastic patronesses of the art; Elizabeth combined elegance with erudition by working book-covers for volumes of her own translation; and Mary Queen of Scots, when questioned as to how she passed the time during her captivity at Tutbury, replied that she "wrought all day with the nydill and that the diversity of the colors made the worke seem lesse tedious, and that she contynued so long at it that veray payn made hir to give over." Turning to that admirable, though possibly little studied, tome, "The Needle's Excellency," we read in praise of Queen Mary that

"Her greatness held it no disreputation  
To take the needle in her royal hand.  
Which was a good example to our nation  
To banish idleness from out her land;  
And thus the Queen in wisdom thought it fit  
The needle's worke pleased her, and she grac'd it."

This great and royal art, however, crushed by the forces of democracy and the sewing machine, is rapidly dwindling into decay, and Miss Jourdain's history of embroidery is more properly its epitaph.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries embroidery was almost exclusively ecclesiastical, and it is not until Tudor times that the needle parts company with the Church and confines itself to domestic uses. Royalty, however, has from time immemorial adorned its person in raiment of fine needlework, and the emulation it thus incited is shown in the fourteenth century, when "the squire endeavored to outshine the knight, the knight the baron, the baron the earl, the earl the king himself in the richness of his apparel." In 1515, however, Henry VIII. crushed these intemperate aspirations by issuing a statute prohibiting anyone beneath the degree of knight to wear any "pynched shirt or pynched partlet of linen cloth or playn shirt garnysshed or made with sylke or gold or sylver."

In the sixteenth century Spanish work is introduced by Catherine of Aragon; a large influx of French embroiderers invades England, and the influence of Italy is very noticeable in design. The needle, like everything else, is infected with the spirit of the Renaissance; fantasy mingles with erudition, classic art with the return to nature. Elizabeth has her gloves embroidered with frogs and flies; sleeps on a bed hung all about with "histories"; whilst phoenix, centaur, caterpillar, cockatoo, and snail are reconciled harmoniously on the high plane of her petticoat. With the advent of Puritanism, however, the feminine eye turns inward, and unchastened natural objects are banished from the sartorial world. The needlework of a lady is thus described in the "City Match":—

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The seventeenth century is the era of industrious great ladies. Mrs. Hutchinson had a special tutor for embroidery; and the Earl of Thomond paid Hanah Senior £200 a year for teaching his daughters the use of the needle. Queen Mary of Orange, the most indefatigable of needlewomen, who (says Sir Charles Sedley) "When she rode in a coach abroad Was always knotting thread," greatly stimulated the fashion of needlework. It is in this reign that *Chinoiserie*, brought over from Holland by King William, so largely affected the decorative arts; but towards the middle of the eighteenth century it dies away, and we find Nature struggling with the Rococo for supremacy in the domain of dress. The pattern of Lady Huntingdon's petticoat in true Rococo style is "a large stone vase filled with ramping flowers; between each vase of flowers a pattern of gold shells and foliage, embossed and most heavily gilt." This garment, however, is described by Mrs. Delaney as "a most labored piece of finery, the pattern much properer for a stucco staircase than apparel for a lady." Her admiration is reserved for the purer ideal of simple natural elegance exhibited in the Duchess of Queensberry's petticoat:—

"White satin embroidered, at the bottom of the petticoat were *brown hills* covered with all sorts of weeds, and every breadth had an *old stump of a tree* that ran up almost to the top, broken and ragged and worked with brown chenille, round which were twined nasturtiums, ivy, honeysuckles, periwinkles, and all sorts of twining flowers . . . the robings and facings were little green banks with all sorts of weeds, and the sleeves and the rest of the gown loose twining branches of the same sort, many of the leaves finished with gold, and parts of the stumps of the trees looked like the gilding of the sun."

With the culmination of sensibility, needlework fell into a decline. Fair fingers, too fragile for creative work, employed themselves in the delicate art of destruction called "drizzling." Nowadays the alternative to Bridge is Jig-saw puzzles; in the eighteenth century "All the ladies who do not play cards" (writes Lady Mary Coke) "pick gold." This gentle sport, brought over from France and termed there "parfilage," consisted in unravelling gold and silver thread from lace and embroidery. The end of the century brings into fashion the "print style" picture, in which needlework and water-color combined to delineate such subjects as Fame strewing flowers on Shakespeare's tomb, a female figure kneeling over a tomb beside a weeping willow, and similar refined funereal fancies. The nadir of art is at length reached in the nineteenth century with its production of those dread objects—the hair ornament, the seaweed picture, the fruit and flower of wax. From this perilous state the heroic efforts of Morris and Burne-Jones effected a rescue for which the modern world can hardly be too grateful. The actual output of Morris embroidery is small, but the false gods are destroyed and the field cleared for fresh aspirants in the textile arts. It is for the twentieth century to prove that the sense of beauty is still alive, and that industrious fingers and reverent eyes can still convert a sofa cushion and tea cosy into a joy for ever.

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the stretching web of those Victorian "gigmanities" against which Carlyle thundered, and the Smilesian doctrines which Mr. Davies here glances at very happily in his account of his father: "The way my father made business and religion one was very strange. He thought worldly success was the reward of goodness, and that all men who failed were sinners." Mr. Davies's prose and verse, we believe, will live in our literature, by virtue of the simplicity, directness, and purity of his style, qualities (most uncharacteristic of our middle-class writers) which rest on seeing things as they are.

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"But what worried my father was the strange nature of my elder sister. Maud and Lucy were not unlike in looks, but they had not two traits alike in their disposition. Maud, my elder sister, made mischief wherever she went; but she was so lovely and charming that people could not help liking her. After she had made a great deal of mischief between friends and relations they all came to the conclusion that she had a mental crook that could not be straightened. So instead of scolding and bringing her to account, and being offended, they listened to her, without believing a word she said. Although her lies had almost separated man and wife, and had caused breaches in friendship, yet, for all that, when her character was truly known, her gay spirits and charming ways made her a great favorite with both men and women. After they had found out that she was not to be trusted for what she said, she was welcome in every place. . . . When my father would ask her why she told such a lie, she would shake her head, and, with her eyes wide open, answer innocently, 'I don't know how I came to say that.' These silly lies, which benefited no one, could not be accounted for by my father. He used to shake his head, as much as to say that she was simple-witted, and that it was useless to talk to her. However, although she had no strength of mind, and was selfish and non-sacrificing in her pleasures, she would do no harm wilfully, and was well liked. Whoever met her for the first time could not help inquiring about her soon after. . . .

"Of course, it can be inferred by this that Maud was never without a lover, and that she had not the least compunction in changing one for another. She had no deep affection for anyone. If she could have escaped dressing in black I am sure my father's death would not have worried her much."

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episode of the verdict delivered upon Soaring's poems by the editor of "The Weekly Obliterator," a gentleman known to fame. "You are a man of real genius, Mr. Soaring," said the editor, "but unfortunately your work lacks one thing. Your work is beautiful, strong, and good, but I cannot find any message in it. I am sorry to return this fine work, but I have failed to find the one thing which my duty as the editor of an influential paper makes absolutely necessary; for without that I dare not place it before my readers." "Message!" cried the poet, "message! I did not think it was necessary." "It is necessary in the twentieth century," answered the editor, "for we are more particular in these days. In this age an author must have a message, or we dare not encourage him, even though he is a man of fine genius." The chapter, "The One Thing Lacking," from which we quote, is quite as fine as Borrow at his best. No less admirable in its dry clarity is Chapter XXVII, "The World's Mockery," in which Soaring recounts how his fame has brought him everything but bread:—

"I have had all the disadvantage of fame without having the least assistance from fortune. For instance, what little profit I got on my books has to be paid away in stationery and postage stamps to answer my admirers. Not only that, but I also get begging letters, which always upset me, knowing how powerless I am to assist those that, perhaps, deserve it. Only the other day came one from a poor old woman in want. When this letter came I had just received ten shillings for a poem, and on that amount had to live for a week. However, I cut my expenses down to eight shillings and sent the old woman two, for you must understand that I gave up peddling as soon as my first book was published and was so well praised, thinking that I would surely manage to live by writing. I did not expect to make a good living, by any means, but thought to live as well as a common, unskilled laborer on a pound a week. But I soon found that, though critics praised my poems in a book, editors were not very eager to accept them as contributions. Not only that, but their pay is small. Of course, it is impossible for anyone except myself to know how I have been mocked since my name first appeared in print. I have had letters asking for my autograph when I have not had the price of a meal; and I have been invited to great houses when I have not had a clean collar to wear. You will see by these things that the poets of the past, whom we waste so much pity on, died peacefully of starvation, and were blessed indeed, as compared with a poet of the twentieth century; for the former were unknown in their day and did not die mocked by letters of admiration, requests for autographs and appeals to deliver addresses to assist a certain cause."

The deeper notes sounded by our author, through Soaring's lips, on the underlying problems of our social system, may not attract attention. But he always places his finger on the real sore. His account, on page 125, of how the ranks of the vagrants draw their recruits from unemployed working men is startlingly lucid: "When you once become a sandwichman and leave a private home for a common lodging-house, you not only have no time to look for work at your own trade, but soon lose all desire for it—in short, you become a sandwichman for the rest of your life. These men have become so weary and dull that they would rather starve than do steady work." And his verdict as to the impossibility of reforming sunken men and women, and the necessity of beginning with the children, were it assimilated, would save our legislators and social reformers a mountain of fruitless endeavor. So, Soaring's remarks on drink, the cruelty of drunkards, and on the incubus of a man's relations, who, "if you rise in the world will disgrace you, and if you fall will claim the right to insult you," have the pregnancy of wit. The catastrophic end of the tale, with the murder of Maud by her husband, and his violent death by an accident, again is in line with the art of the hand that wrote "Captain Singleton."

### The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, Feb. 24.	Price Friday morning, March 3.
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THE chief financial excitement in the City this week has been in connection with rubber and rubber shares. The

new boom began nearly a fortnight ago, and at times it has quite distracted speculative attention from the far more important and substantial movement in Home Railways. The quotations of rubber shares fluctuate in the most ridiculous way with the fluctuation in rubber prices at Mincing Lane auctions. Nothing could be more absurd than to suppose that, because the price of the raw material doubles for a few months, therefore the value of a plantation company should double. When the price of rubber rises from 5s. to 10s. a pound, and keeps a high average for twelve months, it means no doubt that the profits of the Company for those twelve months will double, and that a single dividend of, say, 20 per cent. for one year may be substituted for a dividend of 10 per cent. In such a case it would be reasonable for the shares to rise by 10 per cent., but instead of that, if past experience is any guide, they may rise from 50 per cent. to 100 per cent., or even more. For this reason genuine investors should be very careful of the rubber market. It looks as if the recent rise in the price of rubber from below 5s. a pound to 8s. a pound is mainly due to merchants in Brazil holding back supplies, and to fresh bidding from America. There has been much talk of a Rubber Valorisation Scheme in the tropical Brazilian province of Para. It would be an imitation of the Coffee Valorisation Scheme, which nearly brought the province of Sao Paulo to ruin a few years ago. I do not think there is much fear of this coming about, but some plausibility is lent to it by the heavy shipments of gold to London, which seem to be serving as a temporary substitute for shipments of rubber, which are being held back by a syndicate of merchants.

### INDIAN FINANCES.

While the plague is still decimating parts of India, the prosperity of the country as a whole has been advancing by leaps and bounds. It is clear from the financial statement presented to the Council at Calcutta on Wednesday by Sir George Fleetwood Wilson, its Financial Member, that the new taxes of last year, more especially the protective duties on oil and tobacco, were unnecessary. It seems, indeed, that, like most protective duties, they have been of little or no use to the revenue. The revenue for the year stands five millions above the estimate; but this magnificent surplus has been reduced by an addition of two millions to the expenditure. Extraordinary profits have been made out of the high prices ruling for opium, which seems to prove that a restricted output has increased or sharpened the appetite for the drug. But a good deal of this abnormal surplus will be applied very properly to schools and sanitation. The boom in trade is proved by the railway receipts, which are over a million higher than was anticipated. There will be a capital expenditure of nearly 11 millions on railways and irrigation. Holders of Indian investments are just now in a very strong position.


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